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POPERY & JESUITISM
AT ROME.
BY REV. DR. DESANCTIS.



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POPERY AND JESUITISM AT ROME

IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

WITH
REMARKS ON THEIR INFLUENCE IN ENGLAND.

In Twenty Letters.

BY L. DESANCTIS, D.D.,

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PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY, AND OFFICIAL THEOLOGICAL CENSOR OF THE
INQUISITION, ETC., ETC.,
NOW MINISTER OF THE REFORMED ITALIAN CHURCH AT GENEVA.

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INTRODUCTION.

SUMMARY VIEW OF POPERY AND JESUITISM AT ROME, IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

ROMANISM should be studied at ROME. Protestants who have investigated Popery in books and in their own land, must not flatter themselves that they are thoroughly acquainted with the subject. Books exhibit either the Popery of the middle ages, or the poetic Popery of Chateaubriand; and Protestant countries, the Popery of Bossuet, associated with that of Wiseman; which, indeed, if permitted to increase, will in due time expand into Roman Popery, although meanwhile it is only Popery in the germ, awaiting full development to mature the poisonous flower, which strikes its deadly roots at ROME.

Since the Council of Trent, Popery has assumed a new aspect. It has become identified with Jesuitism, a system which always varies with circumstances; and an intimate acquaintance with Popery is not now to be obtained by seeing it anywhere, nor even by belonging to its communion: it is needful to have seen it at Rome, to have been identified with it at Rome. There

are many Romish prelates who know nothing of the interior of the Roman Courts, and in these Courts consists the essence of Romanism.

But the abominations of Popery cannot be exposed within the limits of a preface: we must only glance at the subject from a few general points of view, which may serve to establish the proposition, that Popery, to be thoroughly understood, must be studied at Rome.

To form a conception of the immorality of the clergy, requires years of residence among the communities of priests and friars; but when such experience has proved their most serious discourse to be either a tissue of detraction, or restricted to politics; their most creditable diversions to consist in card-playing; when it has unveiled the vicious habits of men who daily perform mass, communicate, and preach a morality which they do not practise; he who has attained this experience may speak with some certain knowledge of the morality of the Romish clergy. Further, if he occupies the position of confessor, spiritual director, or preacher, which discloses to him the immorality of the convents; or has occasion to consult the records of the Vicariate, wherein are registered the public delinquencies of the priests; or those of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, which contain the public delinquencies of the monks and nuns, he may surely, without fear of exaggeration, describe Popery as she is with regard to her corrupt morality.

To be convinced that the religion of Rome is the religion of money, you must do more than content

yourself with reading Napoleon Roussel's two treatises; you must go to Rome, and visit the office where the bishoprics of the whole world are disposed of, and their marketable value determined; where all ecclesiastical benefices are sold for money, and where, for money, matrimonial dispensations are obtained. You must visit the *Segreteria dei Brevi*, where dispensations are sold at a high price, authorizing breaches of the canons or decrees of Councils. You must penetrate the other secular offices of the Church, described in our Letters, and pass several years in Rome as a parish priest; to be aware of the extent of the merchandise and wares of the great Babylon of the Apocalypse. Two years ago, the Author of these Letters published a computation of the ecclesiastical sales effected in the insignificant State of Rome. The single item of clerical casualties amounted to the enormous sum of 3,160,650 Roman scudi, or 17,680,050 francs (704,000*l.*) per annum among a small population of 3,000,000; and this includes only the casualties of the priests, not to mention what are called Ecclesiastical Goods, the Datary's Office, Briefs, Indulgences, and all the other articles to be sold in the Roman Secretariates, nor yet such benefices and employments as have to be filled by priests or friars, &c. This is indeed the RELIGION OF MONEY.

The study of Bossuet, Wiseman, or others, whose writings are intended to influence Protestants, affords no true idea of Papal doctrine; that, too, must be learnt at Rome. The Church of Rome has two systems of doctrine: the one OFFICIAL, the other REAL.

The skilful theologians who write in order to attract Protestants over to the Romish Church, put forward her *official* doctrine, and dissimulate or deny her *real*. But go to Rome and take notice there, whether the Catholicism taught by Wiseman, Bossuet, and others, be the Catholicism of the Pope. Bossuet, for example, denies that the Romish Church prohibits the reading of the Bible, while all the Popes, down to Pio Nono, do nothing but issue Bulls and Encyclical Letters against any such practice; and to prove that it is not the version of the Bible Society alone which is held in odium, but the Bible itself, it is prohibited even as translated by *Catholic Authors*. These are the words of Pope Pius IV. in Rule IV. of the "Index." But as though this was not sufficient, Pope Pius VII., by a decree of January 17, 1820, included in the "Index Expurgatorius" the translation of the New Testament by Monsignor Martini, formerly Archbishop of Florence. Bossuet denies that the Romish Church adores the Cross, images, relics, &c.; but go to Rome, and you will see the Pope prostrate himself before the Cross in his own person, and pray before images and relics; you will see him with his own hands offer incense to the Cross, to images, and to relics; and not content with all this, he causes HIMSELF to be adored. Thus to every *official* doctrine of Rome a *real* one may be opposed, to contradict and nullify it.

The essentials of JESUITICAL Popery can only be comprehended at Rome. There, in the offices of the Secretary of State, and the Secretary of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, the whole Papal mystery is un-

folded. *There* exist the records of all she has effected, not to convert kingdoms to Christ, but to herself. England, wealthy England, is the country which the Church of Rome is most anxious to reconquer, and *there* are to be found the histories of all the contrivances and all the plots which have been devised in Rome to ruin England. Whoever might succeed in penetrating to the thrice-secret archives of the Vatican, would not only see full evidence in proof of the Gunpowder Plot, the Massacres of St. Bartholomew, and the Dragonnades, but would perceive that they were all arranged, concocted, imagined at Rome, with many horrible things beside, which he would be unable to explain. But without perusing the secret archives of the Vatican, a little good sense would suffice to discover the joy which kindles in the rubicund faces of the Cardinals at hearing of the progress of Puseyism in England! They assemble, evening after evening, after having visited the Father General of the Jesuits, to congratulate themselves on the triumphs of the Oxford Professor and his adherents; to console themselves with the advances of German Neology, French Socinianism, or Swiss Radicalism. During these infernal evening meetings of Cardinals and Prelates, over which Father Rohotan presides, universal anarchy, universal irreligion, is expressly desired, that thus a door may be opened through which they may enter to devastate and destroy. They do not, however, content themselves with passively wishing for such results, but they use all the means in their power to promote these horrors. Strange contradiction!

During the same conversation, the same persons who applaud *Tractarian Superstition*, equally applaud *Rationalism*, *Socinianism*, and *Infidelity*! But will these forms of error advance the interests of Rome? She is directed by the Jesuits, and finds all paths alike good, which conduct her to the end.

There is another method of which the Jesuitical Romish Church avails herself, in order to retain or to allure worldly men in all countries. She has studied human nature; she knows that the natural man receives not the things of the Spirit, because they are spiritually discerned; she does not seek after the *little flock*, which enters in at the *strait gate*, but after the *multitude* which rushes down the broad way. She has, therefore, substituted a false and *material* worship for that which is in spirit and in truth. No sooner was she seated on the throne of the Cæsars than she perverted two sentences of the Gospel: instead of saying, Blessed are ye poor, she says, Blessed are ye rich; and instead of saying, Woe unto you that are full, she says, Woe unto you that are empty! She knows that men of the world love magnificence and luxury; she has, therefore, introduced magnificence and luxury into her Churches and her Liturgy; and as she pleases worldly men, so she pleases worldly women: while in Rome, beyond all other places, this inordinate luxury is displayed.

The sense of beauty is natural to man, but carried into worship it lands him in Paganism. Worship in spirit and in truth consists in the union of the soul with God, and this is effected not by *sense*, but *faith*;

yet what signify such doctrines to the Church of Rome? The end, she says, sanctifies the means. The beautiful affords the means of attracting the multitude to my fold; I must, therefore, use it. And, hence, she adorns her churches in such profusion with all that is most beautiful in painting, sculpture, and architecture, so that they are rather to be called galleries than churches; and in the midst of thousands of candles, lighted at noon-day; to the sound of drums, violins, and other profane instruments of music, she devotes her choirs to adapt the libertine comedies sung at the theatre the evening before, to the Penitential Psalms, the Song of the Angels, or the Apostolic Creed. This may be a profanation, but it is a means to retain the multitude in the Romish communion; and according to her it is justified. Hence sculptors, painters, architects, musicians, poets, artists, and amateurs of the fine arts, are partisans of the Romish Church, their interests being identical with hers. But this is only to be learnt at Rome.

Jesuitical Popery, in order to attract the sensual, has sanctified sensual grace and beauty. As the sculptors and painters of ancient Greece modelled their Venus from the most famous Grecian beauties, so sculptors and painters of the present day select the prettiest girls in Rome as models of the Virgin of Nazareth, and of the images of the saints, and rival each other in lavishing on them all possible grace and beauty. The more beautiful the image, the more miracles it performs, and the more obstinate sinners it converts.

Jesuitical Popery makes use of yet another stratagem little dreamed of by Protestants. Previous to the Council of Trent, Popery, with a few trifling exceptions, was one and the same all over the world ; but no sooner did Jesuitism come to its assistance than this state of things was changed. Popery since that epoch has sanctioned **DOUBLE DOCTRINE, DOUBLE MORALS, DOUBLE PRACTICE**,—one to be adopted at home, and the other abroad. In Protestant countries she upholds liberty of conscience, and calls it just and holy, and even excites the people to rebellion in order to obtain it. It is well known that the political inspiration of the too famous Daniel O'Connell proceeded from Rome, and that he is almost canonized at Rome ; but this same liberty of conscience which she claims abroad, she denies to those from whom she has herself obtained it. The liberty of conscience which she esteems holy in England, is heretical and infidel in Italy. The reading of the Bible is tolerated, and sometimes even enjoined, in Protestant countries, to prove to sincere Protestants that their controversial writers are liars ; but in Catholic countries, especially in Rome, the possession of a Bible may condemn you to the Inquisition. Roman Catholic worship itself is modified by the same deceitful policy in a Protestant country ; it is less superstitious and more Evangelical than in Rome.

We should never finish if we were to dwell on even the principal features of the Romish mystery ; but the hints already given may suffice to assure my readers, that from my own certain knowledge it lay

within my power to specify much more than is contained in the following Letters. They were originally intended to embrace a larger scope. The Author proposed to treat, through means of the discussions of the Signor Abbate, with Signor Pasquali and Mr. Manson, of the whole controversy between the Romish Church, the Evangelical Church, and the Puseyite fraction of the English Church. He proposed, moreover, a complete survey of Rome, to visit all her monuments, to analyze all her rites and ceremonies, practices and doctrines. Though such an undertaking would have possessed some measure of utility, a long epistolary discussion would have been liable to become tedious, and he judged it better almost entirely to renounce it, for the sake of dwelling at greater length on descriptive details.

The utmost brevity was also desirable. In these times, whatever is intended to be read, should be concise; yet if God grants him life and opportunity, the writer contemplates a work of the character intimated above, which shall exhibit Rome as she is.

The persons introduced in these Letters are for the most part ideal. The Abbate is a type of the young students of theology, so many of whom are to be found in Rome, having left their Protestant birth-places while mere children, to figure on their return as the apostles of their native land, by whose exertions it is to be converted to Popery. These young residents in Rome are under the special direction of the Jesuits, and those who make most proficiency in the system, are retained at Rome after the completion of their

studies, and further initiated into the working of the Roman Courts, to be finally returned to their respective countries as Bishops, Cardinals, or Vicars-Apostolic; though in order to attain such a rank, proofs of ability, and, above all, pledges of life-long adherence to the Jesuits' cause, are rigidly required from them.

With regard to Signor Pasquali, the author preferred to allot the part of Evangelist to a Waldense, to avoid manifesting any preference for one Reformed Church above another. He respects them all, and holds that wherever the Divine authority of the Word of God, the absolute divinity of Jesus Christ our Saviour, very God, and very Man, and salvation by grace through faith, are confessed, the essential doctrines of the Gospel are maintained and safety may be found, whatever difference of external forms or divergence in secondary teaching prevails. The Vaudois Church has reason to assert that she has never been reformed, and that she retains the apostolic faith; one of its members, therefore, may fitly represent the doctrines of the Gospel, rather than the distinguishing tenets of any particular Church. The Puseyite Manson forms a contrast to the unbending Waldense. The evil which the Oxford School have worked in the English Church is too well known, and the Jesuit contrivances which originated it, are no longer veiled in mystery. Wiseman's imprudent praise, the prodigal eulogiums which the Jesuit press passes on the sect, the favour the Puseyites enjoy at Rome, while no effort is made for their conversion, and many other

arguments, have convinced all but superficial observers concerning the true origin of Puseyism. Mr. Manson, however, is a sincere Puseyite ; one who has exalted the external ceremonies of religion to the place of the Bible, which he reduces to a secondary rank ; but one who is upright and candid, not proud or obstinate. The author did not wish to draw his portrait from the dishonest minority, rather than the well-meaning majority of the sect. With the further exception of Mr. Sweetman, the other personages are all real ; as real and true as the facts narrated in reference to them ; and if called on the author could furnish their names. He himself is represented by the parish priest of the Madellena, having formerly held that appointment.

Several of the revelations in the Letters may appear as strange as they are novel. The judicious reader has a right to inquire how the author became acquainted with facts of this nature. He desires to anticipate such inquiries concerning the sources of his knowledge. He is by birth a Roman, and lived for two-and-twenty years in a community of priests affiliated by the Jesuits, with whom he was on the most friendly terms. For fifteen years he filled the office of confessor, and for eight years was priest of one of the principal parishes of Rome. He stood high in the estimation of his ecclesiastical superiors, and was consequently intrusted with many secrets, and missions of considerable delicacy. He was the select preacher or confessor of almost all the monasteries in Rome. As the Professor of Theology, the Censor

of the Theological Academy in the Roman University, and an Associate in many other academies, he was frequently consulted. Cardinal Micara, Dean of the Sacred College, and a man in universal repute, selected him as his clerical examiner; he is therefore better qualified than the vast majority, to represent Popery as it is.

But how, it may be asked, can he have any acquaintance with Jesuitism? It is true that Jesuitism is an almost impenetrable mystery, still it may be fathomed to a certain extent by those who know how to set about it. When the author began to discover the errors of the Romish Church, he knew little or nothing of this mystery, but owing to particular circumstances, he was led, at the recommendation of the Jesuit Fathers, to perform the Exercises of St. Ignatius at the Convent of St. Eusebius. To these he applied himself with all diligence, and wherever he did not understand it he used every exertion to become initiated into the true spirit of Jesuitism, by humble inquiries of the Father Director: notwithstanding which, he was not entirely successful for the first year. On completing the Exercises he procured as many Jesuit works devoted to their elucidation as possible, and in consequence went through them the second time with fuller comprehension of the routine. The third year he had the satisfaction of attracting the praises of Father Rohotan, General of the Order, who presented him with a treatise of his own on the Exercises of St. Ignatius. "A work which I do not reserve," said he, "for the Cardinals alone, but put

into your hands also, since you are truly one of us."

In explanation of his acquaintance with the Inquisition, the author may state that for ten years he occupied the post of Examiner, or Theological Censor to the Holy Office. Nothing was kept secret from him. *He visited the prisons frequently, received the denunciations, at other times heard the culprit's spontaneous confessions, and whole trials have been referred to his decision.* What he has said of the Inquisition has been said *from his own knowledge, and not on the authority of others.*

In conclusion, although, as it has been stated, some of the characters in these Letters are imaginary, as well as the conversation in which they engage, all that relates to FACTS, is strictly true. The author retains the original documents which attest the reality of the appointments which he filled, the delicacy of the negotiations intrusted to him, and original certificates of his unimpeachable conduct up to the day of his departure from Rome.

May God bless this little work to awaken serious consideration of the perils by which England is now threatened !

L. DESANCTIS, D.D.

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*The following Letters are supposed to be written by
HENRI, a young Genevese Roman Catholic, studying
Divinity in a Jesuit Seminary at Rome, to EUGENE,
a young Protestant, at Geneva.*

LETTERS FROM ROME.

LETTER I.

THE EXERCISES OF ST. IGNATIUS.

Rome, September, 1846.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—You have some reason to complain of me for having been so negligent a correspondent. Yet what can you expect? In school time I have not a moment to spare, but during the autumn holidays I will write to you till you are tired. You wish to hear what I think of the new Pope. You know, dear Eugene, that I understand little or nothing of politics, that I live in great retirement, and scarcely converse with any one but the good fathers of the Company of Jesus, who are my masters, my directors, and my friends. You must see, therefore, that you have applied to the wrong quarter for news of this description. These good fathers, however, tell me, that the concessions of the new Pope will end by doing great injury to our most holy religion. You, who are a Protestant, and have been educated in the dangerous doctrine of the right of private judgment, will laugh at

such fears, but if you had had the good fortune to be born, like me, in the bosom of the holy Catholic Apostolic Roman Church, you would have known that the religion of Jesus Christ is a yoke, an easy yoke indeed, as we find in St. Matthew xi. 30, but still a yoke which must not be loosened, but must weigh down and constrain the neck ; lovingly, it is true, but absolutely ; and to leave so much liberty to the people as Pius IX. has done, is like taking the reins off a colt. Our Divine Master, these good fathers tell me, commanded his disciples, and through them, all pastors, but more especially his vicar the Pope, to constrain, to force men to enter his Church ("Compel them to come in," Luke xiv. 23), while it appears that the new Pope opens the door for every one to go out, by allowing all these Liberals, like so many wolves devouring Christ's flock, to return to his States. And besides, my dear friend, I think on one single subject, and that is the salvation of my soul.

My masters seem satisfied with me, and next year I hope to revisit my native country and embrace you once more. Oh, that I might embrace you as a brother in Christ. But you are good and sound at heart, and I have much hope concerning you, so much that I will relate to you my history during the last few days, that you may judge how wrongfully the good fathers of the Company of Jesus are calumniated.

During the autumn vacation I have enjoyed the favour of admission to perform the religious exercises of St. Ignatius, in the convent of St. Eusebius. We were fifty ecclesiastics, including Cardinal B., four prelates, various brothers, and some parish ministers ; the rest were all priests, except myself, who am only a deacon.

The church and convent of St. Eusebius, granted to

the Order by Leo XII., is situated on the *Æsquiline*, and covers a large portion of the palace and baths of Gordian, of which some vestiges are still to be seen.

The convent has been set apart by these worthy fathers for the retreat of those persons who are desirous of going through the exercises of St. Ignatius, and several times a year this house is filled with good people, who devote themselves for ten days to these pious exercises. In your religion nothing of this kind takes place. I will therefore describe them to you with some precision, that you may be able to understand what much greater resources we have than you Protestants. At least a week previous to the day appointed for reception, every one must provide himself with a ticket; for these worthy fathers, before any fresh admission, are desirous to gain from devoted Christians all possible information concerning him who wishes to perform the holy exercises, in order to be able to direct his conscience aright. Hardly have you set foot within the religious house than two fathers receive you with pious courtesy, and a servant takes your modest baggage and conducts you to the room prepared for you. Your name is already fixed in large letters and placed in an elegant frame over your door. The room is simply enough furnished. A moderately comfortable bed, a little table with writing materials, two seats, a devotional stool, a washing stand, a crucifix, and a piece of cardboard, whereon the regulations are inscribed, complete the furniture. About half an hour after your arrival a father visits you, and endeavours to learn by means of judicious interrogation what is your motive for entering on retreat, with the holy purpose of knowing how best to direct your conscience. This visit ended, the bell summons you to chapel. The chapel is in the centre of the house, four long corridors

diverge from it and contain the chambers. It is dedicated to the Virgin. The altar-piece represents the Virgin seated and delivering to St. Ignatius kneeling, the book of Spiritual Exercises. In the middle of the chapel on a green carpet covering the pavement stands a metal crucifix, which all who enter adore on their knees and bow themselves to the earth to kiss. The Father Z—, seated in a chair placed on the steps of the altar, commences the introductory sermon from St. Mark vi. 31, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile"—*Venite seorsum in desertum locum et requiescite*—and demonstrates the absolute necessity of a Christian's, and much more of an ecclesiastic's, often retiring for holy spiritual exercises, because Jesus Christ himself did so during the forty days he was in the desert, before entering on his ministry, because he commanded his apostles to do so, as evidently appears from the passage just quoted, and because St. Ignatius has instituted, and the Church highly commended the practice. Hence he passes on to give rules for doing this with profit, and continues speaking till the bell warns him it is time to cease.

During the sermon the worthy fathers, zealous for the greater glory of God and the good of souls, make the tour of all the rooms, and visit the baggage in each, not to take away anything, but only to see what papers, books, or other articles the temporary recluse has brought with him, by which to be regulated in directing his conscience; and if any one's valise is shut, the brother who is provided with a quantity of keys and picklocks, which he keeps for such an emergency, opens it immediately, and then shuts it up again. The sermon being finished, you retire to your chamber, and find on your *Priedieu* a little book containing a compendium of the discourse just delivered (a similar com-

pendium is found there after every discourse), and a little brass lamp with a single wick.

In half an hour you go to supper, whence you return to your room, and then the good fathers are occupied in visiting the catechumens, and drawing them into holy conversation. The evening concludes by an examination of conscience made in common under the direction of the fathers in the chapel. The day following is entirely given up to meditation on, and explanation of, the great maxim called by St. Ignatius the *Foundation*, because it is in truth the basis of the whole religious edifice—a maxim which has given so many saints to the Church, and which is the fundamental principle of every action performed by these good fathers. The maxim is as follows:—That man has been created to this end, that he may praise and reverence the Lord his God, and that in serving Him he may save his own soul. The ancient version ran—may be saved; but the most pious Father-General Rohotan has corrected the translation by the original Spanish, the same which the Virgin gave to St. Ignatius in Manresa, and this says, *may save his soul, salvet animam suam*. From this principle St. Ignatius draws two consequents—first, that all things that are not man, have been created for the service of man, in order to become means by which he may save himself in serving the Lord with them; second, that we must be indifferent in the selection of means; hence means must not be considered in reference to their intrinsic good or evil, but only in as far as they may conduce to the end, so that means which might be wicked in the estimation of worldly men, ought still to be adopted by any one who perceives they would promote the glory of God, and the salvation of his soul. Upon this maxim four long sermons are preached, and

I assure you they are requisite, to dissipate that terrible prejudice which insists on judging the heart or conduct as it is in itself, and not in relation to the end.

I, for example, felt this great difficulty, and, according to the regulation, put my scruple in writing, and presented it to the Father Director ; in the evening the Father Z—— came to converse with me on the subject. I did not understand how a man could save his soul by serving the Lord. It appeared to me that the salvation of the soul was the gift of God ; it appeared to me that only to serve for salvation was little ; and that to love was necessary : while in the maxim of St. Ignatius there was no hint of either *grace* or *love*. The good father brought the note of my difficulty in his hand. He smilingly said to me, “ You may clearly perceive you are still suffering under the influence of Geneva. There they carry everything to excess, but we reconcile the two extremes by a just medium. Call to mind the theological doctrines you have learnt from Father Perrone’s ‘ Treatise on Grace,’ and every objection will vanish. Recollect that justification, which is the principle of our salvation, is a grace ; but recollect on the other hand that it is necessary for man to dispose himself to receive it, and that he merits it, if not by desert, at least by congruity. Recollect the anathema of the Council of Trent, against the Protestants, who assure a man of being justified by faith and not by works ; * remember too the doctrine of the same Council, † that man in order to be justified must prepare himself, and that for this preparation seven things are necessary, namely, faith, fear, hope, love to God, repentance, hatred of sin, and the intention of receiving the sacraments ; remember that justification is susceptible of augmentation, as the same Council has

* Council of Trent, sess. vi., can. 9. † Sess. vi., cap. 6.

declared;* and that this augmentation of justification is obtained through mortification and keeping the Commandments of God and the Church, and then you will see that every difficulty has disappeared. The salvation of the soul is of grace, inasmuch as the principle of justification is from grace, and inasmuch as we cannot merit it *by desert*, but still the salvation of the soul depends on ourselves, because we prepare ourselves for justification, and because we augment it even to the attainment of eternal life. And as to love, my dear brother, if St. Ignatius has not named it, neither has he excluded it. But here," he continued, "I wish to give you a warning. The Book of the Exercises was delivered to St. Ignatius by the Holy Virgin with her own hands, it is therefore a revelation at least as certain as the Bible, and it behoves us to be on our guard lest we push criticism too far. When we know that a doctrine is revealed, and of this we have evident proof, we ought not to discuss, but to submit ourselves to it."

You would not have credited how much good the words of Father Z—— did me. From that time I applied myself with all docility to penetrate into the celestial teaching of the holy patriarch in his book.

The third day the sermons discussed the sin of the angels, the sin of Adam and that of all mankind, always applying the great fundamental maxim, that sin consists in the mis-selection of the means which conduce to the end. On that day and the two following ones, during which you seek to affright yourself at sin, you must keep the windows of your room almost entirely closed, so that as much light only may penetrate, as is necessary to prevent accidents, and no more. It may seem to you a little thing, but this

* Sess. vi., cap. 10.

darkened solitude alarms and terrifies the mind, so that you feel quickly impelled to open your whole conscience. To this is added the mortification of the appetite and the deprivation of sleep, which are prescribed during these days, all tending to elevate and fill the soul with such fervour as nothing can resist.

The fourth day the sermons were concerning death and hell. On returning into my room after the morning sermon, full of this fervour, I was going to prostrate myself on my kneeling-chair, and impetuously bent my head forward, but received a terrible blow, which made me almost fall backwards. I went to open the window, when, what was my horror to see that I had struck against a skull, which these good fathers had placed upon the *Priedieu*, to give me a vivid idea of what I myself should be! After the second sermon the skull was there no longer, but instead of it I found a picture representing a corpse in dissolution—the rats running from every side to regale on the falling flesh which detached itself from the bones; worms and putrefaction covered the corpse, and beneath it was the motto, “I am what thou shalt be!” I defy the most obstinate heart to resist such a shock. That evening, after the sermon on hell, I found on my kneeling-chair a picture of a damned soul surrounded by flames, by demons, and by furies of every description. The fifth day the sermons were on individual judgment, the general judgment, and the judgment reserved to ecclesiastics in particular.

The sixth begins in a novel manner. The windows are more open, the corridors are less gloomy, the food more delicate, and the mortifications left off. The grand meditation on the two STANDARDS and their consequences occupy this day, in which the application of the great maxim of the *Foundation* and the develop-

ment of the great plot of the holy exercises take place. In this meditation St. Ignatius transports the Christian first into the plains of Damascus, where God created man, and there shows him Jesus hanging on the cross, and inviting his disciples to follow him by a life of humility and mortification ; but few do follow him. Hence, in a burst of true inspiration he passes to the plains of Babylon, and here exhibits Satan seated on a pulpit of fire and smoke, calling on men to follow *him* through a life of delights ; and many follow him. Men must fight under one of these captains, associate themselves under one of these standards. Well then, the exercised person imagines himself on the point of selecting. Oh, dear Eugene, what a solemn epoch in my life that day has proved ! It was a day of elevation of spirit, of deep enthusiasm ; and after the sermon, all the good fathers were in motion through the chambers to maintain this fervour. They presented each recluse with a sheet of paper divided into three columns : in the first he was to write the reasons which had moved him to adopt the state in which he was ; in the second, his reasons for being contented ; and in the third, his reasons for being discontented with it. The paper was consigned to the fathers, and in the evening one of them appointed to direct the impending choice. I, for example, had determined to become a Jesuit, as it appeared to me the most direct means of securing the salvation of my soul. But the good fathers made me observe, that as an open Jesuit I should not be able to go back to my own country, whereas the glory of God would be better promoted by my return thither ; because I should be able to render great service to religion there if I observed the maxims and retained the friendship of the fathers ; and they would then direct me as they direct

others who are doing much good. They made me observe that in order to be a Jesuit, it is not necessary to wear the dress of the Company, but that it is sufficient to be well affected towards it, and to allow oneself to be directed by its superiors. When these good fathers have examined the writings of each recluse, writings composed in fervor of spirit after five days of silence, of darkness, and of death, you may imagine they know pretty accurately the state of every individual conscience; these writings, therefore, are confided to them as a subject of confession.

The rest of the exercises, after this solemn day, may be briefly described. On the seventh day we meditate on the life of Jesus Christ. On the eighth, on his passion and death. On the ninth, on his resurrection, ascension, and the descent of the Holy Spirit. On the tenth, there is only one sermon, on the love of God, but taken in the abstract, because these good fathers say, that the practice of the love of God, if not carefully directed, is full of peril.

On the morning of the tenth day, the Most Rev. Father General Rohotan came to say mass, and to deliver an exhortation concerning devotion to the sacred heart of Mary, and the obligation which rests on ecclesiastics to propagate such a devotion as a certain means of salvation. After this, we were dismissed with tears in our eyes.

My dear Eugene, you see with what holy industry these good fathers are seeking the salvation of souls. Do your Methodists or Momiers attempt anything similar? If you would come to Rome and enter on this holy retreat, you, with your excellent heart, would issue from it like an apostle from the Holy Supper. For my own part, I can tell you that I feel an inward renewal, that I am altogether another man, and

although I have not yet entirely mastered my theological course, I have, nevertheless, obtained permission to devote myself to the conversion of the Protestants. I wished to begin by converting my fellow-countrymen here, but Providence has put an Anglican minister in my way. I yesterday commenced the work of evangelization with him, and I hope not unsuccessfully. In my next letter I will tell you what happens during our interviews, and what is the result of our discussion. Adieu, dear Eugene. Always remember with affection, your attached

HENRI.

LETTER II.

ACCORDANCE BETWEEN PUSEYISM AND ROMANISM.

Rome, Nov., 1846.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—I am the happiest man in the world. I told you in my last letter that I had entered into discussion with an Anglican clergyman. Well, I have almost succeeded in converting him. I could never have believed the conversion of Protestants so easy, or that their arguments were so weak as to require but a modicum of logic and good sense to overthrow them. My poor Eugene, how much I pity you! But I hope that the history I am about to relate may prove of the greatest service to you.

Immediately after leaving the Convent of St. Eusebius, where, as I wrote you word, I had performed the spiritual exercises, I went to St. Peter's, to obtain a plenary indulgence. Having concluded my devotions,

I remained to contemplate the superb Mausoleum of Pope Rezzonico (Clement XIII.), the work of the immortal CANOVA. I am no artist, but such a monument inspires one with enthusiasm for the fine arts. The Pope, sculptured in marble whiter than snow, is kneeling with his hands joined together in the attitude of prayer, and wears so exquisite an expression, that one feels impelled to hold one's breath for fear of disturbing him. The sculptor borrowed his conception from Pope Clement's fervent prayer to God, that he might rather die than find himself constrained to suppress the Company of Jesus, the Church's firmest supporters! The two lions, the finest ever produced by human chisel, and which present the most striking contrast to the meekness depicted in the countenance of the Pope, who forms the principal figure in the monument, are really wonderful.

While I was thus rivetted in admiration of the Mausoleum I heard a slight sound near me. It was occasioned by a gentleman, about thirty years of age, as I judged from his appearance, dressed in black, with a coat that reached below his knees, closely buttoned down the breast, so that not the least vestige of white neckcloth could be seen. This person was occupied like myself, in studying the miracle of modern art before us. At first I took him for a priest, but, on noticing a round hat in his hand, perceived I was mistaken. He approached, and civilly saluting me, drew me into conversation on the beauty of the monument, inquired its author's name, and questioned me about the actions performed by the Pope honoured with so magnificent a Mausoleum. "Surely," he said, "this Pope must have rendered great services to religion to deserve to be held in such immortal remembrance!" I replied that Clement XIII. was

indeed a most holy Pontiff, and the great protector of the Order of the Jesuits. After a short time we left the church together.

I did not know who this gentleman might be, but by his physiognomy and accent I concluded he was an Englishman, and his dress led me to suppose him a priest or deacon, as the clergy in England dress like our laity, except that they wear a plain black coat, with an upright collar, and sometimes a square-cut waistcoat. I was on the point of making some inquiry, when he observed, "This is, indeed, glorious weather. In England we have no idea of it." "Pardon me," I rejoined, "but are you a Catholic or a Protestant?" "A Catholic," he replied, "but not a *Roman* Catholic. I am a clergyman of the Anglican Church, which is a Catholic and Apostolic Church, because it retains the venerable doctrines of antiquity and possesses Apostolic succession." I then perceived I had to do with a Protestant priest, and thanked God from my heart that he had granted me so early an opportunity of exercising my proselytizing zeal. But I will not conceal from you that I was somewhat disconcerted, and did not know how to begin the colloquy. So we walked on for some way without speaking, when, to introduce discourse, I asked him what he thought of the separation of the English Church from the Roman? With a heavy sigh, he answered, "That separation is the poor Church of England's greatest misfortune! Separation," he continued, "was a necessity, because both parties took up things too warmly; but it was a fatal necessity, and one owing to which the Church of England has lost much."

By this time we had arrived opposite his lodgings, where he shook hands with me, bade me adieu, and added, "I have a great regard for the priests of the

Roman Church, and shall have much pleasure in seeing you and talking with you on religious subjects." Imagine my astonishment at such a conversation! For a Protestant, and still more, a Protestant clergyman, to speak with such love and veneration of the Roman Catholic Church, appeared to me an inexplicable phenomenon.

On the evening of that day I repaired to the Roman College, to seek counsel of my director. I narrated the circumstances, and after reflecting on them, he said, "I believe that your Englishman will prove to be a 'Puseyite.'" I then begged the good father to give me an accurate account of *Puseyism*, of which I had often heard, but without forming any clear idea of it. "It would be a long undertaking," replied he, "to give you the history of the religious movement which has emanated from Oxford, and is called *Puseyism*, from Dr. Pusey, who is at its head. You know not how much labour it has cost, and still costs us, to excite and continue a movement which is producing such good fruit in England! But the history of Puseyism, at least just at present, would possess little interest for you; however, it is right that you should know in what manner to regulate your discussions with this Anglican minister.

"In the first place, put it beyond doubt that you have to do with a *Puseyite*. Though from this morning's conversation it scarcely admits of question, it is better to ascertain the fact. For this purpose you should begin by speaking of the Church and her ministry; but confine yourself to bishops, priests, and deacons, and civilly observe that the *true* Church is to be found wherever apostolic succession exists. If he be a Puseyite, he will acknowledge this doctrine without reserve. Next, in order further to assure

yourself, speak of the Episcopate as a Divine institution in the Church; you can then naturally touch on the doctrine of the superiority of bishops over priests, by *Divine right*, dwell on 'the power of the keys,' and on the power of absolving from sin, committed by Jesus Christ to the ministers of his Church, a power preserved in the Church by apostolic succession. After this proceed to speak of *auricular confession* as of a practice traced back to the first ages of the Church, and tell him that Father Marchi has discovered *Confessionals* in the Catacombs, and you will see that this discovery interests him excessively. There is no occasion, my son, to encounter the Puseyites, like other Protestants, with the Bible; they admit the authority of the Bible, but they also admit the authority of tradition, of the interpretation of the Fathers, and above all, of ecclesiastical antiquity; they repudiate the Protestant principles of private judgment, and the absolute and exclusive authority of the Bible: from which, you perceive that they come very near to us. Be careful, however, not to fall into a tone of argument, but ascertain if he agrees to these points; if he does so, he is a *Puseyite*, in which case, my son, I should counsel you not to enter into discussion with him." "Pardon me, father," I then observed, "do Puseyites admit all these things without being Catholics?" "They do," he replied, "and many others also; they admit, for example, the adoration of the Eucharist, the worship of the cross and of images, with some little restriction, it is true, but they admit it; they admit prayers for the dead, purgatory, and justification, defined almost in the same terms as by the Council of Trent; they approve monastic vows, and the celibacy of the clergy; they desire the re-establishment of convents; they strew

garlands on the altar, use crucifixes, candles, and generally applaud all customs of the Catholic Church which are sanctioned by antiquity ; and they earnestly wish to reunite themselves and their people with the Mother Church, from which their fathers so imprudently separated.

“ Recollect the Puseyites are not like obstinate Methodists, who must be plied with the Bible, and will grant nothing not contained in the Bible ; the Puseyites are much more reasonable ; they admit the paramount authority of the Church, and defer to Christian antiquity.”

“ And why, father, may we not endeavour to lead them to become Catholics ? It appears to me that setting out from such principles their conversion would not be difficult.”

“ Nothing, my son, is easier than the conversion of a Puseyite ; if he studies consistency, he will become a Catholic. Admit, for example, that the only true Church is that which has apostolic succession in its ministers, a succession which is transmitted by imposition of the bishop’s hands, and what is the consequence ? That the Roman Church is the true one, because she has such a succession. Admit that the rule of faith is not found in the Bible alone, but also in tradition and the authority of the Church, and it follows that all Protestant Churches, including the English Church, which accept the Bible as the only rule of faith, are false ; and the Roman Church is the only true Church, because she establishes as her rule of faith, the Bible, tradition, and the authority of the Church ; so that, you see, my son, a little logic would suffice to make Catholics of all the Puseyites.”

“ But do you not think it would be for the greater glory of God, that all the Puseyites should become

Catholics?" "No, my son, the Puseyite movement must be let alone that it may bring forth fruit. If all the Puseyites were to declare themselves Catholics, the movement would be at an end. Protestants would be alarmed, and the whole gain of the Catholic Church would be reduced to some million of individuals and no more. From time to time it is as well that one of the Puseyite leaders should become a Catholic, in order that, under our instructions, the movement may be better conducted; but it would not be desirable for many of them to come over to Catholicism. Puseyism is a living testimony to the necessity of Catholicism in the midst of our enemies; it is a worm at the root which, skilfully nourished by our exertions, will waste Protestantism till it is destroyed. England deserves to pay for the great sin of her separation from Rome, and she will pay for it before long, you may rest assured. I know what I say, and I cannot explain myself further."

"But, father, in the meantime, our good friends (the Puseyites), who may die, incur damnation, dying without the pale of Holy Church?"

"Our good fathers in England provide against this inconvenience, and for this end are furnished with full powers from the Holy See to receive the abjurations of the dying, where this can be prudently attempted. Where it cannot be done, patience; their damnation will not be imputed to us. The end, my son, sanctifies the means. Our end is most holy, and *it is the conversion of England*. The means for attaining this end is *Puseyism*. Fresh from the holy exercises, you must remember the maxim of St. Ignatius, that all means which conduce to such an end are to be employed. Prudence, the first of the cardinal virtues, teaches us, that a lesser evil which leads to a greater

good is always allowable; so that a limb may be consigned to hell for the salvation of the whole body. In the same manner, it may be necessary for us to permit the damnation of some hundreds of these Puseyites in order that England may eventually be converted. Therefore, my son, do not give yourself much trouble to convince this man: bring him here to us, and Father Marchi will accompany him to the Catacombs, and show him the monuments of Christian antiquity, which will confirm and strengthen him in his opinions, and he will be able to do much more for us in England as a Puseyite than as a declared Catholic."

I must confess to you, dear Eugene, that I was not convinced by the reasoning of my Professor, and made up my mind to avail myself of his advice only so far as it might tend to the conversion of my English acquaintance. With this determination, I called on him the next morning; he received me with great courtesy, and we soon entered on the subject of religion. I will not stop to detail our conversation, which touched on all the points my director had suggested, and concerning which my new friend almost entirely agreed with me; but then I went further. He granted me that the only true Church of Jesus Christ is "that visible society established on the day of Pentecost, whose founders were the apostles, whose heads are their successors, and whose members are all those who profess Christianity."* From this definition of the Church I deduced the consequence, that the true Church being a visible society, must also have a visible head; that the bishops, the heads of the Church, being the successors of the apostles, there must be degrees amongst them; and hence, that the head of the bishops,

* Newman's "Sermons on the Church."

and consequently of the whole Church, must be that one among the bishops who is the successor of St. Peter.

Mr. Manson, for such was the name of my English acquaintance, saw the tendency of my reasonings; he perceived he was unable to elude them, since they were drawn from his own principles, and that he could not logically continue a Puseyite without acknowledging the supremacy of the Pope and his other prerogatives, and admitting all their consequences; but he sought to defend himself by saying, that the Romish Church had degenerated in many points from the doctrines of Catholic antiquity. I made him take notice that, even if this were true, which I would not concede, my conclusion lost nothing of its force, because the only true Church of Christ is that which has apostolic succession, and there being no doubt about the apostolic succession of the Church of Rome, it follows that she is the only true Church; and that as there is no hope of salvation beyond the pale of Christ's Church, so men must belong to the Roman Catholic Church, or be lost for ever.

However, I would not admit that the Roman Church had degenerated from the doctrines of antiquity, and I repeated with pleasure the term *antiquity*; because, to tell you the truth, my dear Eugene, our controversies with Protestants become rather tedious and complicated when they must be resolved by the Bible. You Protestants do not admit the authority of tradition, nor the interpretation of the infallible Church; we do not, therefore, meet on equal ground; but where the argument does not hinge on the Bible, where the authority of tradition and the Church is admitted, and recourse to antiquity allowed in proof of our doctrines, then the advantage is all on our side. So I asked Mr. Manson what were those doctrines in which the

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Roman Catholic Church, according to him, had degenerated from venerable antiquity?

On this he appeared to me a good deal embarrassed, and it was some time before I understood that he objected to our worshipping in the Latin language, and to giving the communion under one kind only. These things, he said, were contrary to antiquity.

I was preparing to demonstrate to him, on his own principles, that these things prove nothing against the truth of the Roman Catholic Church, because they appertain not to doctrine, but to discipline; and that the Church, that is, the supreme authority in the Church, her assembled bishops, had a right to establish this discipline. I was also proceeding to say, that to call this discipline in question the authority of the Church must be denied. In short, I counted my victory certain, and he already foresaw his defeat, when the servant entered to announce visitors.

Mr. Manson rose to receive the two gentlemen who now came in. One was a young Englishman, the other a man of about fifty, whose accent struck me as Italian. I then took leave with extreme regret; but Mr. Manson begged my address, and promised he would call on me to continue our conversation, which, he said, much interested him. On this I left them.

I do not exactly know, dear Eugene, how soon I may see the affair to a conclusion, but this person's conversion is certain. When he has been here, and we have continued our discussion, I will immediately write to you. Adieu.

HENRI.

LETTER III.

CONVERSATION WITH A JESUIT PROFESSOR.

Rome, Nov., 1846.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—How true is the popular proverb, “Man proposes, but God disposes!” I proposed to myself the conversion to Catholicism of the Englishman whom I introduced to you in my last, and God has so disposed as to make me the possible instrument of two other conversions. I am only vexed that the attempt has almost led to an open rupture between my tutor and myself, and I fear lest I should disgust the good Jesuit fathers. But God will provide; I am acting for his glory.

I told you how my interview with Mr. Manson was cut short by the arrival of two foreigners; this was at mid-day. Two hours afterwards I received a note from my master, Father P., inviting me to present myself the same evening at the Roman College. I went at the hour appointed. Father P. at first received me coldly, but soon resuming his accustomed paternal tone, “My son,” said he, “it seems you have profited little from the Exercises of St. Ignatius.” Much mortified, I inquired the reason of this reproof. “What were you doing this morning?” he rejoined. I began candidly to relate my whole conversation with Mr. Manson, but he quickly interrupted me by saying, “I know it all, my son; and have, therefore, sent for you. You did not choose to follow my counsel, you entered into argument, and have ruined everything.” I could not understand how my all-but victory over the Puseyite could have produced any disastrous consequences, and I humbly requested an explanation.

"My son," answered the worthy father, "if you had regulated your conduct as I told you, your visit would not have been so long; those two gentlemen who afterwards arrived would not have met you there, or if they had, would not have found you in the atmosphere of argument; their visit would have been a simple matter of friendship, and it would all have ended well. But, do you know what happened after your departure? The strangers desired to know what the clerical gentleman, who appeared so warm, had been saying. Mr. Manson told them, and has been led to wish that they also should enter into discussion with you." "Oh, father," I interrupted, "only trust me; when the truth is on my side, what can I have to fear?" But the good father reproved me for my self-confidence. "Do you not know," said he, "with whom you have to do? These are not two Puseyites, but two obstinate Protestants, who will attack you with the Bible, and you will not know how to reply. Holy mother Church does not desire that even inquisitors should dispute with heretics out of the Bible. No, my son; though you have fallen into one error, do not commit a second. Retire from this discussion; make want of time your apology; now that you have the schools to attend to, you cannot be occupied with anything else. Only contrive to bring your English acquaintance to me, and think of nothing further."

When I left the good father it was with a resolution to obey him, although against my will. I went to my house, and determined not again to visit Mr. Manson, and if he invited me, to excuse myself in the best manner I could. But I must repeat my proverb, "Man proposes, but God disposes." It was not possible for me to abide by my determination. At eleven o'clock, the morning after this interview, I

was returning home from school, when I met Mr. Manson, who was anxiously seeking me. "My dear friend," he said, "I want you." I took him into my house, and he told me that the two gentlemen who had interrupted our discussion were most interested in its continuation. He said the youngest of them was a Mr. Sweetman, a young man of some property, who had been educated at Oxford, and who, being enamoured with the new doctrines, had been sent to Rome by his father, under the persuasion that after he had seen the Roman Court he would be convinced of his errors and return to his former Protestantism. With this view, he arranged that Signor Pasquali, the other gentleman, should accompany him. This Signor Pasquali is a Piedmontese, of the sect of the Waldenses, and as he knew Rome well he was employed in showing Mr. Sweetman all the corruptions of Catholicism. "So you see," concluded Mr. Manson, "that Signor Pasquali is our common antagonist. I am not a Roman Catholic, but I cannot suffer evil to be spoken of the Roman Catholic communion, which is beyond all doubt the most ancient Christian communion in existence."

Resolved to follow my tutor's counsel to excuse myself, I replied that it was impossible for me to enter on any fresh discussion, as my time was already fully engaged. Mr. Manson appeared satisfied with my excuse, and said no more on the subject. However, after waiting a little while, he recommenced, "At least, you will not deny me your company for an hour this evening at tea. You have no lessons in the evening?"

I thought it would be too uncivil to refuse this invitation, which I therefore accepted.

I went at the time agreed on, and found Mr. Sweetman and the Waldense were there before me. Mr. Manson presented me to both according to English

etiquette. After talking on various topics our host began to speak of the fine churches of Rome, and the stupendous monuments of antiquity which are found here, concluding by saying, that if the factious Puritans who make so great an outcry against the Roman Church could see Rome,—if they could contemplate her monuments, her temples, her hierarchy, and the majesty of her rites, they would surely not exclaim so much against her. “I am quite of a contrary opinion,” said the Waldense; “I maintain that a well-instructed Protestant, in visiting Rome, will find in her very monuments, temples, hierarchy, and ceremonies sufficient to condemn her, and adjudge her fallen from the primitive doctrines preached by St. Paul; and I further maintain that a sincere and enlightened Roman Catholic who will examine these things, must abandon his Church if he desires to be consistent.”

Much was said on this subject. Mr. Manson warmly upheld his proposition. The Waldense, cold as ice, would not yield an inch of ground. Mr. Sweetman tried to take a middle course. I was silent, because I would not disobey my tutor, who had prohibited me from discussion with these two. I reflected, however, that I might, without disobedience, join in the argument, so long as they did not speak of the Bible, yet nevertheless abstained from doing so. But by-and-by Mr. Sweetman addressed me, and said, “The Signor Abbate should not be silent on a question he contemplates from so near a point of view.” “The Signor Abbate is silent,” remarked the Waldense, “because he is well aware that truth is on my side.” At these words I felt my face burn, and a sentiment of holy zeal impelled me to launch out against the audacious heretic, and teach him to speak with greater respect of the Holy Catholic religion. I no longer remembered the instructions of my Professor, and replied, with a

voice suffocated with indignation, that my silence arose from compassion for the strangeness of his reasoning, which did not appear to me to merit any reply; "for how," I added, "can any one who sees the monuments which attest the venerable antiquity of Catholicism, conclude from them its falsity? Must a religion be modern in order to be true?"

The Waldense held out his hand, and shook mine in a friendly manner. "You confirm me more and more," he said, "in the favourable opinion I had conceived of you. You are a sincere Romanist. You are a Romanist because you believe yourself to be in the right; if you should come to know yourself to be in error, you would abandon your Romanism for the Gospel." You may imagine, dear Eugene, how such a proposition offended me! I abandon the Holy Catholic religion! I would rather die than entertain a doubt of its truth. Then I recollected the exhortations of my tutor, and felt how just they were. I thought of having been disobedient, and determined not to embarrass myself any more with heretics of such a cast. I longed for the moment when I might quit the house, never to enter it again, and contented myself with observing that Signor Pasquali's idea was a thousand miles wide of the mark. "Well, well," replied the Waldense, "to the proof! I challenge you to an encounter, not of words but facts. You shall conduct us to those monuments which, according to you, prove the truth of Romanism; and I give you my word of honour that, if you succeed in convincing me, I will immediately become a Romanist; on the other hand, if I succeed in convincing you, you shall do what your conscience dictates. But if you do not accept so reasonable a challenge, you must permit me to believe that you give up your cause as lost."

I excused myself on account of want of time, but the

Waldense maintained that it would be right to sacrifice some other occupation to so great a work as that of leading three men whom I believed to be in error to the knowledge of the truth, and pointed out that my apology was not really a good one, for that I, having begun the discussion with Mr. Manson, could not retire from it so unceremoniously. "Besides," he said to me, "we are in no hurry: you have no school on Thursday—the Christmas recess is coming—you may give us up your Thursdays and the approaching holidays?"

Having no other excuse to urge, I accepted the challenge, and it was agreed that on next Thursday we should meet. This was Tuesday evening.

On Wednesday I went to my school, and the Professor regarded me with gloomy eyes. "Is it possible," I said to myself, "that he can have learned the occurrence of yesterday evening? Who ever could have told him?" After the lesson I begged the Professor to listen to me for a moment. When we were alone, he strongly reprehended my disobedience, and bade me take care, for he would not guarantee me against the terrible consequences it might produce. I was dismayed by the reproaches of the good father, and burst into a flood of tears; he was going to leave me, but I threw myself at his feet, clasped his knees, and entreated him till he was moved to resume his affectionate manner. "Well, well," he said, "we will see how we can remedy your imprudence, but I solemnly warn you, I advise you for the last time, and if you do not punctually obey me, I shall abandon you to the consequences."

I tell you these things, dear Eugene, to show you how prudently these good fathers furnished my youth and inexperience with such counsel as might extricate me with honour from this dispute.

When we had reached his room, "My son," said he, "since you have fallen into this terrible snare, we must bring you out of it with credit—you must keep your appointment to-morrow, but to-morrow only. You had better discuss a point of importance, and one which at the same time it will be easy to establish, so that you may come off triumphant. Let St. Peter be the theme of to-morrow's research, and you can then conduct your companions straight to St. Peter's *in Vinculo*, and there the Father Abbot, at my suggestion, will show you the documents which demonstrate that Church to have been built by Pudens, the Senator, and consecrated by St. Peter himself; he will also show the chains with which he was loaded by order of the impious Nero: thence go down to the Roman Forum, now called the Campo Vaccino, and conduct them to the Mamertine prisons, where St. Peter was confined. You can then ascend to St. Peter's *in Montorio*, and show them the place where St. Peter was crucified; and then, next take them to Santa Maria in Trastevere, and in the chapel to the left, point out the two pillars to which the holy apostles, Peter and Paul, were bound to be scourged; concluding by leading them to the Vatican, to see the bodies of these holy apostles, and St. Peter's chair. From all these monuments deduce that Peter was veritably Bishop of Rome, and that consequently all the promises of Christ to him—such as the keys of the kingdom of heaven, supremacy, and infallibility (Luke xxii. 32)—have passed to his successors, whose descent has been preserved unbroken down to the present Pontiff, Pio Nono. Here the Waldense will try to elude you; and will wish to argue against the supremacy of St. Peter from the Bible, but you must

remind him that the challenge referred to the monuments, and you need not doubt that the Puseyite will side with you."

"But do you believe, father, that Signor Pasquali will yield so easily?" "I am not talking, my son, of his yielding; the obstinacy of a Waldense is not to be so easily overcome! I am only talking of extricating you with honour. He will be sure not to yield, but begin to cavil about these hallowed monuments; on which you must appear to be offended; reproach him with not conforming to the agreement; feign to be discomposed, leave them, and so withdraw from the whole affair." I know that all that these good fathers tell me is for the greater glory of God; but I must sincerely admit, my dear friend, that I was not disposed to follow such advice; it appeared like cowardice to abandon the field in this manner. The father noticed my perturbation, and, lightly tapping my shoulder, "My poor Henry," said he, "you are very unfortunate in your first experiment in missionary labour, with a Puseyite whom you must not convert, and an obstinate and learned Waldense whom you must not venture to attack; but keep up your courage; another time you will have better success."

"But could I not—" "No," harshly interrupted the father, "you cannot, and you must not do anything but what I have told you. Do you know what will happen if you disobey me? You will enter on questions with which you cannot cope; you will pass from antiquity to the Bible; and, owing to the cursed arts of heresy, it will end in the Puseyite's abandoning us, and turning Protestant, in Mr. Sweetman's establishment in error, and in a triumph the Waldense need never have achieved, but for your imprudence,

while what will be the result to yourself? Remember that the Inquisition is instituted at Rome, not for heretics only, but for all who occasion the smallest injury to Holy Church." Having thus spoken, he opened the door, and I took my leave.

I was bewildered by this conversation. The last words particularly had terrified me. I quitted the College and went home. There I found a note from the Cardinal-Vicar, ordering me to repair at once to the *Cancelleria*, to hear a command of his Eminence respecting myself. When an ecclesiastic receives such a summons, it is a token that some accusation has been brought against him.

I hastened to the *Cancelleria*, and the priests regarded me from head to foot with a sardonic smile. One of them, of gigantic stature, told me that it was the Canonical Secretary who was about to address me. I was presented to him. The Secretary of whom I am telling you is a priest between seventy and eighty years old, venerated as the mirror and example of all the priests in Rome, beloved by the Pope, beloved by all the cardinals, revered and almost adored by the whole clergy; a zealous preacher, an inestimable confessor, who is always himself from the morning when he rises to say mass, till the evening at his game of cards, which he never misses. Having been announced and introduced, the worthy Canon made me sit down beside him, and then said that he was sorry to be obliged to reprove me, but that he was constrained by his office to do so, and, after a long preface, gave me to understand that the Cardinal-Vicar was much displeased, because the evening before I had been in conversation with three Protestants, finally ordering me not to see them again. "You know," he added, "the Canons of the Third and Fourth most

holy Lateran Councils forbid even the salutation of heretics, and you, my son, have taken tea with them ! You who are an ecclesiastic !” I did not know what in the world to do. Accused, reproved, menaced on all sides, for what appeared to me the best work I had ever performed in my life, I could no longer resist a flood of grief. Convulsive weeping suffocated me. The Canon called for assistance; the chamber was filled with priests; restoratives were administered to me; and, on recovering myself, I entreated the good Canon to hear me. So all the priests retired, and I related to him the whole affair. When I had finished, he said, “Reassure yourself, my son. The Cardinal-Vicar had been otherwise informed, but I believe your word; and, though it does not properly rest with me to reverse the orders of the Cardinal, I will notwithstanding take the responsibility of this matter on myself. His Eminence is reasonable and easily persuaded. Proceed, then, my son, with prudence and charity. You cannot compromise the Church’s cause, as you have no official character. Only take care of yourself, and before beginning your discussion with these heretics, recite three ‘Ave Marys’ to the Holy Virgin, who, as Mother Church teaches us, is the only destroyer of heresy, and fear nothing.” Thus spoke the worthy priest.

On this I became tranquil; and, having made up my mind to follow his counsels rather than my tutor’s, returned contented to my house. To-morrow we shall pay our first visit to the Roman antiquities, and the day after I will write you the result.

Believe me, your affectionate friend,

HENRI.

LETTER IV.

ECCLESIASTICAL ANTIQUITIES.

Rome, December, 1846.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—You deeply offend me in your last by the supposition that I have not kept my promise to send you a speedy account of my discussion with the Waldense, because the latter has reduced me to silence. Much more do you offend me by your suspicions, that this discussion will end in my conversion, as you call it, to Protestantism. No, dear Eugene, I pray God to end my life rather than permit me to entertain a thought of abandoning my holy religion.

I have passed a month without writing to you, in the expectation of having it in my power to relate the issue of our dispute with the Waldense, but since you press me, I am ready to confide to you, in all candour, the present state of affairs, trusting to your friendship not to abuse my confidence in any way that can compromise me, and certain that eventually I shall have it in my power to give you notice of my victory over my opponent. I will therefore frankly detail what happened at our visit to the monuments.

We proceeded on the appointed day to the church of St. Peter in Vinculo. It is situated in the southern extremity of the Æsquiline Hill. A handsome portico with fine porches ushers you into this magnificent church, the architecture of which is at once light and majestic. I will tell you nothing about Guercino's splendid picture of St. Augustin, nor of Dominichino's altar-piece, representing the liberation of St. Peter.

Everything else in the church is eclipsed by Michael Angelo's masterpiece, the statue of Moses, intended for the Mausoleum of Julius II., which was never finished. Mr. Manson, Mr. Sweetman, and I, stood entranced before this statue, which shows to what a height the inspiration of art can attain. The Waldense, however, smiled at our admiration, and tapping me lightly on the shoulder, "Signor Abbate," said he, "explain to me this contradiction. Your Church teaches, that her temples are holy places, consecrated to the Lord, and applies to her material churches all that is written of the Jewish Temple; how then can she turn them into studios or museums of the fine arts, and thus expose them to profanation?" I replied that images were placed in churches to excite the devotion of the people. "Let us occupy common ground," he interrupted. "Do not let us anticipate the question of images. I maintain that even if I grant what you say, this monument cannot be placed here to excite devotion." "Magnificence," suggested I, "is suitable to the house of the Lord." "It is written," he replied, "Holiness becometh the house of the Lord for ever."

We passed on to the Sacristy, where the Father Abbot expected us, and accosted us with a thousand compliments. Here there is a handsome marble altar, and above it a closet, likewise of marble, and finely sculptured. The Father Abbot had four candlesticks lighted, put on his surplice and stole, opened the closet, and took out of it a beautiful urn of rock crystal, in which were the chains of St. Peter. Then he related how in the fifth century, Juvenal, Patriarch of Jerusalem, sent the fetters with which the holy Apostle had been bound, by order of Herod, as a present to Leo I. He told us how this chain on being

placed near that with which St. Peter was bound at Rome by order of Nero, immediately united with the other, and both became one, and how the Empress Eudisia, wife of Valentia' III., built this church over the ancient church of Pudens, and dedicated it to the Chains of St. Peter. "Is this story well authenticated?" said the Waldense. "To doubt the story," replied the Abbot, "would be to doubt the evidence; if you will come up into my room, I will show you the documents." We accordingly accompanied him to his apartment, where he took down from his shelves the works of the learned Tillemont, and from page 172 read as follows:—"Tradition asserts that St. Peter converted the Senator Pudens when he was in Rome. That he dwelt in his house, consecrated it as the first Church in Rome, and that it afterwards became St. Peter in Vinculo." I was transported with delight and admiration of the prudence with which my master had directed my visit to the monuments. Mr. Manson exclaimed, "One must visit Rome to be well instructed in sacred antiquity." But the Waldense said with his accustomed fridity, "Does the Father Abbot really credit that Tillemont lent faith to such an assertion?" "What a question!" replied the Abbot, "Tillemont built upon tradition." "Well," rejoined the Waldense, "favour me with the second volume of Tillemont." On receiving it he turned to the six hundred and sixteenth page, and showed that Tillemont supported this tradition by the apocryphal book of the Shepherd, attributed to Hermas, and then he proved that all the occurrences mentioned by Hermas took place in the times of Antoninus, that is to say, towards the middle of the second century, from which he deduced that if we lent credit to this tradition,

St. Peter must have resided in the house of Pudens in A.D. 150.

The Abbot and I were confounded by this observation, but, notwithstanding, the Abbot did not lose courage, and took out of his cupboard an old illuminated parchment martyrology, opened it at the first Augustine, and read these words in Latin: "The consecration of the first church in Rome, built and consecrated by St. Peter." The Waldense looked at the martyrology, and from the characters and illuminations, pronounced it the work of the fourteenth century. "A monument of fourteen centuries after the fact which it pretends to demonstrate is a testimony which proves nothing, Father Abbot." "Be that as it may," returned the latter, "here you have the evidence of Cardinal Bona," and he showed us the Cardinal's Book of Liturgies; "and the history of this church written by one of our Canons." "All recent testimonies, Father Abbot," said the Waldense; "but do not let us wander from your Tillemont; here is the five hundred and fourth page of the second volume—only read it, Father Abbot. "It is impossible to believe that the Christians had churches, that is to say, fabrics expressly constructed in order that they might assemble to perform religious exercises, till after the persecution of Severus, about the year 230.'" And he added, "I might quote all the primitive Fathers to demonstrate that the Christians had no churches before the third century."

The Abbot became as red as fire. I also could no longer restrain myself, and kindling with indignation, said to the Waldense, "Perhaps you have something further to allege against the history of the Chain?" "No, indeed, I must be deprived of the use of my

senses not to perceive that this is a chain, but in order to be reasonably persuaded that it is St. Peter's chain, I ought in the first place to be informed why there appears only one of the two chains with which St. Peter was bound at Jerusalem? And who preserved this chain? Herod? The Jews? The Christians? I ought also to be told how it happened that in the overthrow of Jerusalem, when everything was destroyed, this single chain should have been preserved. As to the Roman chain, it must be proved to me that St. Peter ever was here, because if he was not, he could not have been chained. Then I should ask who preserved this second chain? Nero? But he was not such a devotee. The Christians? But who would have dared to go and ask for it? and if they had dared, these gentlemen are well aware that in those times the worship of relics was accounted sacrilege. You have only to read Tertullian, Origen, and Justin Martyr to be convinced of this. Therefore, dear Sir, let us pass on to examine some other monument, for San Pietro in Vinculo does not at all convince me."

This first experiment let me know that I had to do with a much more learned man than I was, and I now acknowledged the wisdom of my master's counsel. I sought to extricate myself from my embarrassing position, and could have wished my opponent to bring forward Biblical arguments, that I might have accused him of not adhering to our compact, and so got off creditably. With this intent, instead of taking him to S. Pietro in Carcere, according to the round marked out for me by my master, I conducted him to the church of *Domine quo vadis*.

A little distance from the city, on the Appian Way, there is a small church built over the spot where our Lord appeared to St. Peter. But, that you may

better understand me, I will furnish you with the inscription engraved in marble in the above-mentioned church. This church is termed, *Sta. Maria delle Piante*, or frequently, *Domine quo vadis*. It is called *delle Piante*, or, "of the Footprints," from the apparition of our Lord to St. Peter which took place here, when this glorious apostle, having been persuaded—almost compelled—by the Christians to escape from prison, set off from Rome, and was walking along this Appian Way. He had just reached this spot, when he met with our Lord, who was walking towards Rome, at whose presence he marvelled, and said, *Domine quo vadis* (Lord, whither art thou going ?) And the Lord replied, *Venio Romam iterum crucifigi*, (I am going to Rome to be crucified anew). St. Peter at once understood the mystery, and remembered also that the Lord had predicted that he should die such a death when He committed to him the government of his Church. He, therefore, retraced his steps, and returned to Rome, on which the Lord disappeared, and, in vanishing, left the impression of the soles of his feet on a stone of the pavement of the street, from which this church acquired its designation, *delle Piante*, and from the words of St. Peter, the name of *Domine quo vadis*. This inscription bears date, A.D. 1830.

No sooner had we arrived at the above-mentioned church, than the Waldense called our attention to another inscription over the door, "Pause, passenger ! Enter this holy temple, and thou shalt find within the footprint of our blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ, when he met St. Peter flying from prison. Contributions towards oil and wax-lights for the liberation of souls from Purgatory are also recommended." He then observed, "I scarcely think the Signor Abbate will

prove more fortunate in his second than he has done in his first monument."

We entered. On the right hand wall is depicted the Saviour carrying his cross, and walking towards Rome; on the left hand, St. Peter flying from Rome. In the centre of the church there is a pavement representing the ancient street, in the middle of which is a square white stone, higher than the rest, with the shape of our Lord's foot, covered with an iron grating, the seventh verse of the 131st Psalm,* "Let us worship his footstool," being sculptured around it. The Waldense assumed an appearance of great seriousness, and left the church; Mr. Sweetman seemed as much scandalized as he, and also went out; and Mr. Manson himself was not pleased. I understood nothing of this discomposure.

However, I soon joined them, and the Waldense spoke as follows, in so grave a manner as to alarm me:—"Signor Abbate, I am a Christian, and cannot look at anything which, under the guise of religion, turns the adorable person of our Lord Jesus Christ into ridicule, and which so abuses the Word of God as to make it inculcate the worship of a stone." I endeavoured to justify the thing, but they all gave judgment against me, and I was silenced.

From thence we passed on to S. Pietro in Carcere, built on the site of the subterranean Mamertine Prisons, above which is raised an altar, of the same name as the church. You descend by a convenient modern stair to the door of the prison. Here you may still read the ancient inscription of the times of Augustus, when it was restored. Having entered the

* The quotation is from the Vulgate. In our Bible it is the 132d Psalm.

first subterranean prison, you again descend by a ladder to the second. As we were going down, I pointed out to Mr. Manson the impression of a human head on the partition wall, which was produced by a Roman soldier giving St. Peter a blow and making him knock his head against the wall, which yielded to its pressure. In the middle of this second prison there is a spring of water which St. Peter miraculously called forth when he converted his keepers Processus and Martinianus, and in which he baptized them and forty-eight other prisoners.

Mr. Manson was filled with veneration for this holy place, and wished to taste the miraculous water, and to preserve a little bottle of it to take to England, which he bought from the *Custode*. The Waldense said he was quite aware that this was the Mamertine prison, where Jugurtha was starved to death, and where Lentulus, Cethegus, Statitius, Sabinius, and Cepasius, accomplices in the Catiline conspiracy, were strangled by order of Cicero; where Sejanus suffered death at the command of Tiberius, and where the son of the Jewish leader, Simon, taken captive by Titus, was also killed. All these things, he remarked, he learned from history; but that history said not a word about the imprisonment of St. Peter. "History," he continued, "tells us this prison was only used in the case of State criminals, and therefore we must conclude not in St. Peter's. History tells us that no one who entered this prison ever came out alive, therefore St. Peter could never have been here, for, according to your own supposition, he did not die here. And then as to the spring of water, I see nothing extraordinary in it. All the houses in the neighbourhood have water at this level!" He observed that the pretext for the spring having burst forth by miracle to baptize the keepers

was an absurdity, as they would certainly have been able to bring water to be baptized, without tempting God to work a needless miracle; and further, that it was impossible there should have been forty-eight prisoners besides St. Peter and St. Paul, space being wanting for fifty persons; and as to the impression of the head, he affirmed it to be an imposture, since the ladder is a recent contrivance; the descent having formerly been by a hole through the ceiling, which supplied the prison with air and a scanty allowance of light. On this Mr. Manson threw away the bottle he had bought, Mr. Sweetman laughed, and I bit my lips, not knowing what to answer. "Well," I said, "let us go to see the place where he was crucified." "You mean," answered the Waldense, "Bramante's famous little Temple of *San Pietro in Montorio*; but, my dear Signor Abbate, would you decide the question which your first archæologists have left undecided concerning the spot where St. Peter was put to death? Read Bosio, read Arrighi, and the rest who have written on the martyrdom of St. Peter, and you will find that some say it happened on the Vatican Hill, others between the Vatican and the Janiculum, others on the side of the Janiculum, while scarcely any maintain that it took place on the site of Bramante's temple. On this point, therefore, there can be no discussion between us."

The farther I proceeded, the more perplexed I found myself, but notwithstanding, having no plausible reason for retiring, determined to go forward. We went therefore to the church of *St. Maria in Traspontina*, belonging to the Carmelite fathers. On entering the church I summoned the Sacristan, that he might show us the pillars of St. Peter and St. Paul. I knew where they were, but I called the brother,

hoping that he would be made angry by the remarks of the Waldense, and so a contest might arise, which would release me from my embarrassing situation. But it turned out quite the contrary. The brother conducted us to the fourth chapel on the left, where, supporting the partition walls, and incased in wood, are preserved two marble columns. An inscription in Latin verse says, that the Apostles Peter and Paul being bound and scourged at these pillars, the image of the Saviour which is upon the altar appeared to them, and spoke with them for a long time, consoling them in their sufferings.

Perceiving the Waldense smiling, the Sacristan turned to him, and said, "Signor, you do not believe the truth of this inscription?" "I should desire," replied the latter, "to see some confirmatory document: contemporaneous history saying nothing about it, it appears to me levity to admit a monument destitute of proof. These pillars were found in excavating the foundation of the church in the year 1563, fifteen centuries after the death of St. Peter; who then could give testimony concerning them? As to the image, the imposture is too obviously gross, as it is beyond question that images did not come into use among Christians earlier than the fourth or fifth century!" "The gentleman is right," said the Sacristan, "however, I have always believed the common story; and what are we to do? every one has a right to his own opinion."

We had not taken many steps from this church when the Waldense begged we would go for a moment with him into the church of St. James *a scossa cavalli*. We entered, and the Waldense pointed out to us two large pieces of marble. "There can be no doubt this is *Carrara* marble," said he; "well, then, read." The

inscription it displayed was to the effect, that St. Helena had brought it from Jerusalem; that one piece was the Altar on which Abraham bound Isaac to offer him in sacrifice, and the other the marble on which the infant Jesus was placed at his circumcision. "You see," he added, "what measure of faith you can lend to the monuments preserved at Rome."

I grew more and more discouraged, but inwardly prayed the Virgin Mary and the holy apostles to assist me. We finally repaired to St. Peter's, which we had hardly entered, when the Waldense said that, since we were discussing pillars, he would show us one more. "Every one (continued he), who has read the Bible, knows that the Temple of Solomon was burnt by Nebuchadnezzar, and that, when Zerubbabel commenced the building of the second temple, nothing but its site could be found. Now then look here," and he conducted us to the chapel of the *Pieta*, and showed us a column with an inscription in marble, to say that it was one of the pillars of Solomon's Temple, against which the Lord Jesus used to lean when he preached in the Temple. Then turning to me with cold gravity, he asked, "What have you to say to this, Signor Abbate?"

I was confounded, but regaining my courage, led him to the magnificent altar of St. Peter's chair. This splendid monument is situated in the centre of the church, opposite the principal entrance. Four colossal bronze statues, each seventeen feet and a half high, gracefully and triumphantly support the throne of St. Peter, all covered with gilded metal, and superbly ornamented. The four statues are, two doctors of the Latin Church, St. Ambrose and St. Augustine; and two of the Greek Church, St. Athanasius and St. John Chrysostom. Above, a group of sporting

angels among gilded clouds, crowns a transparent dove representing the Holy Spirit, which floats in a large elliptic window, suggesting the idea of communicating with heaven. So magnificent and astonishing is this work, that Mr. Sweetman, who had not yet seen it, was overpowered with admiration. Mr. Manson observed, "I hope the Signor Pasquali will have nothing to object beneath so grand a monument!" "I have reason to believe," replied the Waldense, with his usual *sangfroid*, "that the chair which the four doctors support, and which is so pompously gilded, is either the seat of Solyman, Caliph of Babylon, or Saladin, Caliph of Jerusalem." I could bear such sacrilegious insult no longer. I would have flung myself upon the heretic, but a convulsive tremor overpowered me. My friends took me out of the church, conveyed me in a carriage to my own abode, and constrained me to retire to bed. To-morrow I will write you the rest of this adventure.

Believe me, your affectionate friend,
HENRI.

LETTER V.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.—ST. PETER'S CHAIR.

Rome, January, 1847.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—I will continue my narrative without preface, where I broke off. Early, the morning after my misfortune at St. Peter's, I received a letter from the Waldense, which I transcribe as a proof of sincerity, and to show you I conceal nothing, even if it

tells against me, but open my whole heart to you as to a brother. The letter the Waldense addressed to me is as follows:—

“Signor Abbate,—I am exceedingly distressed by the occurrence of yesterday, and confess that I ventured a little too far. In conversation with so sincere a Romanist as you, I should have been more cautious. I therefore ask pardon if I have offended you in my manner of speaking. But my manner of speaking, however harsh, can detract nothing from the truth of my statement. I said, I had reason to believe the venerated chair on the altar, in honour of which the feast of the 18th of January is celebrated, and which is said to be the chair of St. Peter, the first Pope, and first Bishop of Rome, might, after all, be only the chair of Solyman, Sultan of Babylon, or of Saladin, Sultan of Jerusalem. I will explain my meaning. In the first place, I cannot persuade myself that the lowly Peter ever had a chair set apart for his exclusive use. I cannot suppose that Peter, as a converted man, should have transgressed, for the sake of a chair, the express command of the Lord. (Matt. xx. 25—27.) I honour Peter too highly to believe him to have been a prevaricator or a liar; and he himself says, in his first Epistle (chap. v. 1), that he was only an elder like the rest—their *συνπρεσβυτερος*; mark the expression, I beseech you. How, then, could he have had an appropriated seat, to belie by deeds what he wrote in words? But tell me, if you please, where this chair was kept. Do you answer, In his own house? Then why, of all his furniture, was this chair alone preserved? Or that it was the chair in which he officiated at church? I have already shown you that in those times there were no churches; and the other apostles and apostolic epistles speak of the celebration

of Divine service *from house to house*. I cannot think you will assert that St. Peter went about from house to house, dragging his chair after him! But even supposing (which has not been proved) that St. Peter ever was in Rome, and that he had a distinct official chair, I ask again, who preserved this chair? Not the Christians, certainly: their veneration for relics *only dates* from the end of the fourth century! These *are my* reasons for disbelieving that this chair was ever used by St. Peter in Divine service; and when you add the great argument with which Scripture and history furnish us, that St. Peter never was at Rome, you will see that I am justified in rejecting the legend.

"I will not, however, obstinately maintain what you were so much displeased to hear, that this chair once belonged to a Mahometan. I affirmed it on the authority of Lady Morgan, who says in the fourth volume of her work on Italy, 'that the sacrilegious curiosity of the French when they occupied Rome, at the beginning of this century, overcame all obstacles in the way of the examination of this famous chair. They removed its case, and on exposing it to view, diligent observation discovered these words inscribed in Arabic characters upon it—THERE IS NO GOD BUT GOD, AND MAHOMET IS HIS PROPHET!' I cannot tell if Lady Morgan is correct; but she has been replied to in an extremely puerile and inconclusive manner. You are, perhaps, aware of the most plausible and witty answer made her, as it has been thought, though it appears to me the most childish: 'that it was impossible that this chair should have belonged to a Turk, because the Turks never use chairs!' A childish answer, I say, since every one knows, that though the Turks do not use chairs properly so called,

they use very rich stools, on which they place cushions for sitting. Let them show us the famous seat in question, and then if we see that it is a chair, in the common acceptance of the term, we will allow that Lady Morgan is mistaken.

“You know, Signor Abbate, that I think very highly of the good Benedictine Tillemont; he was a man of letters, a monk, and a dutiful son of the Church; you cannot, therefore, refuse his testimony. Tillemont did not believe any more than I, that this was St. Peter's chair. ‘It is pretended,’ he says, ‘that St. Peter's Episcopal seat is at Rome, and Baronius mentions that it is of wood, but those who saw the chair set apart to be solemnly placed on the altar in 1666, are certain that it was ivory, and that the ornaments were not more than three or four hundred years old, while they add, that the carving represented the twelve labours of Hercules.’ Thus writes your Tillemont.

“You will tell me that Tillemont and Baronius contradict each other. I might reply, that it rests with you, not me, to reconcile these writers, but I have a better answer to adduce. I remember having read in my youth, but where I cannot recollect, a little story which explains it all. It is as follows:—

“‘Cardinal Baronius once proved to Clement the Eighth, that the chair venerated as St. Peter's could not have been his, because it was impossible to suppose the labours of Hercules would have been carved on the apostle's chair: the Pope was convinced; but it was of too much importance that there should be a St. Peter's chair, for *another* not to be substituted. This latter was certainly an old one made of wood, but of Gothic design, and of this Baronius speaks.

“ ‘Sixty years after the death of Baronius, Alexander VII. erected the famous Altar of the Chair, but was perplexed which to enshrine within. Not the first, it was argued, because it represented the labours of Hercules; nor yet the second, for Gothic did not exist in apostolic times. However, good Pope Alexander recollected that in the magazine of relics there was a chair or stool, I do not know which, presented by the first Crusaders; and to put an end to further question, he decided to make use of this.’

“In conclusion, a chair is a chair, and it scarcely becomes us, dear Signor Abbate, to linger on a point of less than secondary moment. I have shown my docility in allowing you to carry me where you would, and in return I now beg you will allow me to be your guide this morning, promising, however, that our intercourse shall not be entirely controversial.

“I ought to apprise you that Mr. Manson has dismissed his servant, whom I discovered to be a Jesuit spy. *Au revoir.* Yours, &c.

“L. PASQUALI.”

The last words confounded me. It was now easy to understand my master's knowledge of all I said and did. Such base conduct, as I thought it, irritated me, and determined me not to allow myself to be so blindly led in future. Besides, Signor Pasquali's letter proved that I had hitherto been wretchedly advised. Why not allow me to select for myself what monuments to visit?—why point out to me such uncertain monuments?—why prohibit me from Biblical discussion? These reflections led me to accept the Waldense's invitation, and determined me no longer to lean on the Jesuits in prosecuting my argument.

My three friends called for me accordingly. “To-

day," said the Waldense, "I will point out to you some memorials of God's justice." And he conducted us to the Arch of Titus. This precious monument of history and art stands at the entrance of the ancient *Via Sacra*, and was erected to Titus by the Roman Senate and people in triumph at the destruction of Jerusalem, and of Jewish nationality. "A specimen," remarked the Waldense, "of the sacred antiquity that I prize, in opposition to the relics which the followers of Dr. Pusey seek after with such avidity!" "Pardon me," interrupted Mr. Manson, "ecclesiastical antiquities ought not to be despised." "And I do not despise them," said the Waldense, "only I leave them to their own place. They are historically valuable. Judiciously investigated, they furnish the dates at which certain corruptions and abuses were introduced into the Christian religion; but to make antiquity a theological repository and rule of faith, you must pardon me for calling the excess of human folly. If a thing be true in proportion as it is old, we must logically admit that Paganism, being older than Christianity, is truer than the latter. We shall be judged according to the Gospel, not according to tradition. The antiquities which should interest the Christian are those which demonstrate the truth of the Bible." Hence, he went on to prove that this monument is a witness to Jews and Infidels of the divinity of the Word of God. "Let them read," he said, "the 28th of Deuteronomy, the 24th of Matthew, the 13th of Mark, and the 19th of Luke; then show them this monument, erected as it was by Pagans, who knew nothing of such prophecies, and they may deny, if they can, the truth of the Word of God!"

From the Arch of Titus we passed on to the adjacent Palatine, to see the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars.

"Here!" exclaimed the Waldense, "is another noble monument of ecclesiastical antiquity! These are the only remains of the two great Greek and Latin libraries, which contained the whole works of antiquity, and were burned by order of Gregory, now styled the Great! He then pointed out to us which part of the palace was built by Augustus, and those portions attributed to Tiberius, to Caligula, and to Nero. "It is written, the habitation of the wicked shall be desolate," said the Waldense, in a solemn tone. "Here the ancient emperors arrogated to themselves Divine honours, but He that sat in the heavens had them in derision; and, having given to his eternal Son the Heathen for his inheritance, He broke them with a rod of iron, and dashed them in pieces like a potter's vessel. (Ps. ii.) These foundations, the only remains of the palace of the masters of the world, as they called themselves, proclaim the truth of the declaration, that there is no wisdom, nor prudence, nor counsel against the Lord." (Prov. xxi. 30.) The solemn tone Signor Pasquali used, and the profound conviction his countenance expressed, were at once indescribably imposing and fascinating. Mr. Manson was silent, Mr. Sweetman followed him in admiration, and I felt myself filled with respect for the man, whom a few hours previously I would willingly have killed had the act been lawful. One day he was an adversary, a heretic who impugned all religion; the next he was a man who manifested the deepest piety. But however worthy of respect Signor Pasquali may be, he errs in essentials, and is consequently lost. In this point of view I felt great compassion for him, and my zeal for his conversion rekindled.

We now proceeded to the Flavian Amphitheatre, commonly called the Coliseum. You know that

Vespasian, after the destruction of Jerusalem, built the largest and most magnificent amphitheatre which has ever existed. Capable of easily containing 100,000 spectators, it served for gladiatorial sports and wild beast shows, and then, by a miracle of art, the vast arena was in an instant converted into a lake, and used for naval exhibitions. You also know, that, in times of persecution, Christians were exposed here to be devoured by wild beasts, and that the amphitheatre has now become a holy place. A great cross rises in the centre of the arena; its circumference embraces fourteen little chapels, where the fourteen parts of our Lord's passion are represented, and to this Via Crucis, as it is called, the faithful resort to pray; so that where, in former times, the roar of lions, the pitiable cries of victims, and the applause of a ferocious multitude reverberated, there now resounds the pathetic song of the devotees who celebrate the sacrifice of the immaculate Lamb.

On entering this edifice, Signor Pasquali appeared as if entranced in deep and serious thought. We silently, but intently, watched him. After some minutes he roused himself, still seeming, however, much affected. "Oh, dear friends," he said, "how shall I express the crowd of sacred images which this consecrated monument evokes! The executioner of Divine judgment against God's rebellious people erected it as a memorial of that people's destruction; and, reduced to servitude, they themselves worked as slaves in raising a monument to perpetuate their disgrace! Gaudentius, the Christian, was the architect employed upon the edifice, and God inspired its design. Yes, God himself. For neither before nor since has the human mind entertained a grander, nobler conception!" Then he passed on to describe the horrors of the gladiatorial

games, the ferocity of the Roman people in applauding such a mode of death ; the imperturbable impassiveness which the monsters who called themselves emperors exhibited in assisting at this carnage ; and proceeded to the conflicts endured here by the martyrs, which he depicted in such a vivid manner as to draw tears from our eyes. Then, kindling into fresh enthusiasm, he exclaimed, " Oh, holy religion of Christ, here thou didst triumph in thy blood ! here thou didst manifest thy Divine virtue to an astonished world ! But when the Cæsars ceased to persecute thee, and sought to seat thee with them on the throne, then thou didst flee into concealment, and, like Joseph of old, didst leave behind thy mantle in thy flight. Thou didst hide thyself in the wilderness ; but they alternately indorsed thy mantle with fanaticism, vice, and despotism—an infernal triumvirate which still reigns in thy name ! "

We were awe-struck by the emphasis, by the tone of voice, but especially by the conceptions, of this extraordinary man. He was about to continue, but a monotonous chant within the amphitheatre made us all turn round. It was Friday, and a procession entered the Coliseum, composed of persons clothed in grey serge, their heads and faces covered with hoods of the same material, leaving only two apertures to allow them the use of their sight. They were preceded by a cross, and followed by a barefooted Franciscan friar and a crowd of women singing praises to the cross, and had come to perform their devotions at the fourteen chapels.

Mr. Manson and Mr. Sweetman looked to me to explain the meaning of this procession and this costume. I replied that it was a pious confraternity which came every Sunday and Friday to visit the *Via Crucis*. We waited a little. The friar mounted the ruins, his brethren arranged themselves in a semicircle, and the

people stood behind; *we* remained at some distance, but near enough to be able to hear. The sermon soon began, but the preacher uttered so many absurdities that Mr. Manson was quite scandalized. Fortunately the Waldense was too deeply immersed in his own thoughts to pay any attention. Ere long we left the amphitheatre.

On returning home, Signor Pasquali asked if we had been pleased with our visit. We answered, yes; but I added that this method of discussing the monuments was a little too lengthy, besides I wished to convince Mr. Manson that he was in error, and therefore proposed an argument.

"Very well," rejoined the Waldense, "but neither Mr. Sweetman nor I wish to be excluded, particularly as we all four differ in our religious opinions. The Signor Abbate is a Roman Catholic. Mr. Manson belongs to what is called the High Church of England, otherwise the Oxford School; Mr. Sweetman to the Anglican Church, and I to the Primitive Christian Church. It ought not, therefore, to be the scope of our discussion each to sustain his own Church, but by common consent to seek and embrace the truth. What say you, gentlemen?" We all replied he was quite right, and agreed to his proposal. I must confess, dear Eugene, that this Waldense has enchanted me. He is learned without pedantry, and virtuous without affectation. His only fault is his religious error, but of this, by Divine assistance, I hope to disabuse him. My next letter shall give you the account of our first argument. Adieu.

HENRI.

LETTER VI.

CONTROVERSY WITH A PROTESTANT.

Rome, February, 1847.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—I herewith repeat my promise to give you a full and frank account of our discussion. I fear to stumble, and confirm you in your errors; but having passed my word, I must redeem it, cautioning you, however, not to pronounce on my letters individually, but to suspend your judgment till the series is completed. As it is impossible to compress a whole argument into a single sheet, it will sometimes happen that the reasoning of my antagonists is unaccompanied by my reply, and that you must consequently pause before making your decision.

As we had not fixed a time for our discussion, I allowed several days to pass without my seeing Mr. Manson. To be candid, I had two motives for delay; first, because I wished for opportunity to prepare myself; and then, because I hoped to encounter Mr. Manson, in the Waldense's absence, on those points of controversy which he had almost granted me; to convert him, and so to come off with honour. I meantime meditated night and day, not so much on the argument, as on the best means to elude the Waldense.

While I was in this state of agitation, my landlord entered my room, and politely informed me that in three days he should want my apartments. The only reason I could extract from him for turning me out of his house was, that he was obliged to be obedient. I imagined, though I could not be certain, that the Jesuits, who had put me there, had ordered my expul-

sion. However, I took lodgings in a convent, and left my former abode next day. When Signor Pasquali inquired for me, I was gone, and he was unable to ascertain my new place of residence.

Meanwhile a great change had occurred at school. The Professor took no more notice of me, except from time to time by launching sarcasms against the friends of heretics, and those who, without having mastered their theological course, and without any call, chose to dispute with heretics; accompanying his words with a malicious glance at me. These things vexed and irritated me, but at the same time determined me not to embroil myself further in the discussion.

One evening, when I was alone in my room, I heard a knock at the door; I opened it, and there were the three friends. "Poor Signor Abbate," said the Waldense, affectionately shaking my hand, "you are under *surveillance*. Your good Jesuit Fathers dislike your entering into discussion with me, and therefore persecute you; but fear nothing, we have come to propose two courses; choose which you please. The first is to carry on, or rather to begin our discussion, either in your own house or wherever you prefer, on the days and at the hours which you find most convenient; the second is for you to call back your word. But you must reflect that if you adopt the latter course, we have a right to believe that you do so because your Jesuit directors dread the controversy that you have provoked."

I accepted the discussion on the prudent terms that were proposed to me, that is to say, that this one evening it should be held in my house, and another time in a different place, in order to avoid suspicion.

The Waldense was desirous to begin with the doctrine of grace, and justification by faith, which

he called the fundamental doctrine of the Gospel. To tell you the truth, the doctrine of justification is the most obscure in all our theology. I did not, therefore, relish the proposal of commencing with it, and suggested instead, the supremacy of the Pope. "Admit the Pope's supremacy," said I, "and the whole system of Catholicism necessarily follows: deny his supremacy, and Catholicism falls!" Some difficulty was made, but my proposition was allowed. On this the Waldense rose from his seat, and said he could not enter on such a discussion without imploring the assistance of the Holy Spirit, and invited me to offer prayer. I excused myself, saying that we were not accustomed to pray *extempore*. He then turned to Mr. Manson, who replied that he had come without his Prayer-book. "The Christian's Prayer-book is a regenerate heart," said the Waldense; and clasping his hands and raising his eyes to heaven, he uttered so fervent and moving a prayer as to draw tears from my eyes. This prayer amazed me. How is it possible, I said within myself, that a heretic can pray with so much trust and so much fervor? How can he so confidently call on the Lord Jesus Christ? My only acquaintance with Protestant doctrine was derived either from my master's lessons and sermons, or from what I had read in our own books, and I was disappointed with this Waldense.

Having finished his prayer, Signor Pasquali pointed out to us, that as we were seeking the truth, and not obstinately to defend our peculiar systems, we had better each explain our own theory on the proposition before us, and then refer to the Bible. I therefore began by saying that Jesus Christ had declared St. Peter the chief and prince of the apostles; had constituted him his Vicar, and in this capacity, had left him

in office as the visible head of his Church. Further, that the dignity of St. Peter was not personal, but was transmitted to his successors; and that the Bishop of Rome, as the successor of St. Peter, has the same prerogatives which Christ conferred on the latter, namely, supremacy and infallibility. "I agree," said Mr. Manson, "to the supremacy of St. Peter; I admit the Apostolical succession of the Bishop of Rome, and I willingly acknowledge the Bishop of Rome as the head of the visible Church, so that his authority be exercised in accordance with ecclesiastical canons, and not arbitrarily; but I cannot allow his infallibility, since the records of ecclesiastical antiquity demonstrate that some Popes at least have erred." "I," said Mr. Sweetman, "do not admit so much. I acknowledge no other authority in matters of faith than the authority of the Bible and the authority of the Church. The Bishop of Rome is like any other bishop, possessing, if you please, the supremacy in Italy, but not over the whole Church. I should feel no hesitation in granting the Bishop of Rome an honorary precedence, but could never allow him an authoritative one; the authority of the Church rests in the Episcopate."

The Waldense drew a Bible from his pocket, placed it on the table, and then said, "I have no theory on this subject. I believe that in religious matters theories lead to error, and therefore I depend simply and entirely on the words of the Bible." After this preamble, he said, that the Bible taught four things in reference to the question before us—1st. That Jesus Christ established perfect equality between his apostles; 2d. That he evidently excluded all idea of supremacy among them; 3d. That the apostles never acknowledged any superiority in St. Peter; and 4th. That the Lord Jesus Christ is the sole and single Head of his Church.

"My dear friends," continued he, "permit me to explain the passages of Scripture which prove what I have brought forward. And then I beg you will communicate to me your own reflections in all simplicity and charity."

So saying, he opened the Bible at the last chapter of St. Matthew, and read the concluding verses; next he read the fifteenth verse of the last chapter of St. Mark, and the twenty-first, twenty-second, and twenty-third verses of the twentieth chapter of St. John. From these three passages he deduced that Jesus Christ gave equal mission, equal power, and equal office, to all the apostles. Then he turned to the eighth chapter of the Acts, and read the fourteenth verse—"Now the apostles who were in Jerusalem, when they heard that Samaria had received the Word of God, sent them Peter and John," evidently to direct the rising Church there; "but," added he, "if Peter had been the chief of the apostles, he would have been the sender, not the sent; so this is one proof that he was, to all intents and purposes, equal with the others." Thence he passed on to read the first verse of the fifth chapter of the first Epistle of Peter, where that apostle calls himself "also an elder," like the rest, and nothing more. Here I interrupted him, to object that St. Peter's humility leads him thus to speak. "Is it lawful," he replied, "to tell a lie under pretext of humility?" I was silent, reserving my rejoinder for another time; and he went on to the second verse of the twelfth chapter of the second Epistle to the Corinthians,—“I am not behind the chiefest of the apostles;” and then to the second of the Galatians, where St. Paul says he received only the right hand of fellowship from James, Cephas, and John, and the other apostles; and as to St. Peter he says he withstood him to the face. “Do not these

passages," he asked, "demonstrate the perfect equality which the Lord Jesus Christ had established among his apostles?"

His second proposition, that Jesus Christ had absolutely forbidden any one of them to have supremacy over another, he attempted to prove by reference to the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth verses of the eighteenth chapter of St. Matthew. "If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more: and if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the Church." "The Church," he said, "is the assembly of the faithful; but all the apostles, without one exception, were subject to the Church, by the ordinance of Jesus Christ; here, therefore, He excluded all supremacy among them." Pasquali next read the twenty-fifth, twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh of the twentieth of Matthew—"And Jesus called them unto Him, and said, Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you; but whosoever will be great among you let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." "Let us thoroughly understand," he added, "that the Lord Jesus bequeathed to his disciples the supremacy of humility, a supremacy to which every Christian may aspire. But to my mind," he said, "the following is the peremptory passage," and he read from the twenty-third of Matthew. "But be not ye called Rabbi; for one is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren. And call no man your father upon the earth, for one is your Father which is in heaven. But

he that is greatest among you shall be your servant." "It does not appear to me," added Signor Pasquali, "that it would be possible to find more explicit passages to prove that Jesus Christ excluded all idea of supremacy among his apostles."

"Well, but," interrupted Mr. Manson, "all antiquity acknowledges St. Peter's supremacy." "Is the antiquity which you adduce," answered the Waldense, "anterior or posterior to the Bible?" "Oh, certainly posterior," replied Mr. Manson. "Surely, then," rejoined the Waldense, "in point of antiquity, my arguments are more valid than yours, being much older!"

As his third assertion was of a negative character, he said that he must prove it with a negative argument, and maintained that there is no passage in the Bible to show that the apostles ever acknowledged any supremacy in Peter; besides that, if they had believed this doctrine, they must have taught it, and no passage can be brought in proof of their doing so. "Twice," he said, "St. Paul speaks of governments, but never of supremacy, which he would have done, had it existed. What would be thought in these days, if a Romish theologian should treat of Church government without ever mentioning the Pope?" He then opened his Bible, and read the twenty-eighth verse of the twelfth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, and the second verse of the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians. "I surely have no occasion," he remarked, "to quote any passage in support of my fourth proposition. To all who acknowledge this book to be divine, it must be evident that the doctrine of the Lord Jesus Christ's sole headship of His Church, is taught from beginning to end of the word of life; but I will, notwithstanding, read a few

of the clearest passages in support of it." He turned to Ephesians i. 22, 23; iv. 14, 15, 16; and Colossians i. 18, and would have gone on reading if I had not interrupted him. "You are beating the air, dear Signor Pasquali," said I, "which of us denies that Jesus Christ is Head of the Church? But none of the passages you are quoting excludes the Catholic doctrine of the supremacy of the Pope. I know that Jesus Christ is the Head of the Church, but Jesus Christ is in the heaven of glory, and the Pope is his vicar on earth. Jesus is the chief invisible Head, the Pope is the visible, and you may even say secondary head, but this is all I can concede."

"Dear Signor Abbate, permit me to tell you that *you* are beating the air. We are not here for the sake of controversy, but simply and sincerely to search out the truth of the Bible; and I may safely challenge you to find one solitary passage there in which the Pope is called Vicar of Jesus and even *secondary* head of the Church."

"This distinction, however," said Mr. Manson, "was admitted, if not expressly, yet in equivalent terms, by the Primitive Church. Irenæus acknowledges the supremacy of the Pope"—

"The Primitive Church, Mr. Manson," interrupted the Waldense, "is the Church of the Bible, the Church of Apostolic times. When your appeals to antiquity are successful in demonstrating the existence of any doctrine in opposition to Biblical doctrine, you have only demonstrated an ancient error, and nothing else."

Although, my dear Eugene, I had every reason to be dissatisfied with the Jesuit fathers, I could not at that instant avoid remembering my Professor's warning, that when a Protestant takes his stand on the

Bible, he will no longer listen to reason. Though unexpectedly attacked, I had passages from the Bible to prove the supremacy of St. Peter and the Pope, but not to neutralize those which the Waldense had adduced. I was, therefore, well content to see Mr. Manson enter the lists; but, having disposed of him, the Waldense continued,—

“There is no new thing under the sun. The Mystery of Iniquity already worked in St. Paul’s own day, and he appears to have foreseen that this distinction would be invented by the schoolmen: only listen,” and he read Eph. v. 23, “‘The husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the Head of the Church.’ Are we to understand that the husband is the principal head of his wife, and that there is another secondary and subordinate or vicarious head? Must we not rather say, that as the husband is the only head of his wife, so Christ is the only Head of his Church? But this is not enough. Hear what is written 1 Cor. iii. 11, ‘For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.’ The foundation of a building is one; but that there might be no room for scholastic distinctions, St. Paul is careful to say what St. Peter was in this edifice,” and he turned to Gal. ii. 9. “St. Peter was a pillar in the building, but neither more nor less a pillar than James and John, and the other apostles. But, my dear friends, I am not opinionated, I do not wish for controversy: let us only examine and follow the doctrines of the Bible, which will never deceive us.”

I desired to study the question more thoroughly before hazarding a reply, so I said it was growing late, and the convent would be shut up; they therefore made an appointment for the next day and left me.

As soon as they were gone I felt my great need of counsel and assistance. I could no longer apply to my master, I therefore thought I would ask the advice of the Theological Tutor of the Convent where I was. I accordingly went to his room and explained the whole case. Having pondered it for some time, he replied, "The remedy is simple, accuse the Waldense to the Inquisition, and the Holy Tribunal will extricate you from your difficulty." I was horror-struck at such a proposal; but he maintained that the Waldense being an Italian, was subject to all the laws of the Inquisition, and that I was in conscience bound to denounce him. "He is a dogmatizing heretic," he added, "you really have no choice, otherwise you stand in peril of being denounced yourself."

Such was my agitation that I passed the whole night without closing my eyes. I would have suffered anything rather than commit a wicked action; and it appeared to me, that to denounce Signor Pasquali, and get him shut up in prison, would be a wicked action. Still, said I within myself, if it is true that I am bound in conscience to accuse him, under pain of mortal sin, I ought to do so whatever it may cost me!

In the morning I once more visited the good father, to obtain clearer light on the subject. "My son," he said, "I will not bring you into trouble, but take care, or some one else may feel it right to denounce you. You are a foreigner, you do not know Rome, and you have begun to talk on religious subjects with Protestants as you would do at Geneva. Circumstances are very different here." "But surely," said I, "to attempt to convert three Protestants is not a crime to be denounced to the Inquisition." "Dear friend," he returned, "you judge of matters as if you were in your own country, where the holy Catholic religion

is not dominant, where the Church cannot put forth all her energy ; but here, while it is needful to adapt her measures to the times, she can, notwithstanding, execute her laws. And do you know what are her laws in your case ? Here they are,—Holy Church has a right to maintain missionaries, and to make proselytes everywhere, because to her alone belongs the liberty of manifesting and propagating her doctrines, since they alone are true ; but if a heretic attempts to spread his opinions, Holy Church has a right to punish him, and Catholics are bound to denounce him ; especially if it happens that the heretic dares to dogmatize where the holy tribunal of the Inquisition exists ! The holy tribunal regulates the matter prudently. If the heretic be English or French, it banishes him through the agency of the police ; if he be a Swiss, or a native of any other country whose power is not formidable, the rigour of the law is applied ! So that you see your case is very serious, especially in times when Pio Nono has protested that he will have the holy tribunal vigorously worked. You are not aware of it, but I assure you of the fact. At the death of Gregory XVI. the prisons of the Holy Office were empty ; there was only Archbishop Cashiur, and he, through the Pope's favour, used to go out to walk. Now Cashiur has been shut up, and the prisons will soon be filled."

"But, Father, Canon T., Secretary of the Vicariate, gave me permission to dispute with these Protestants."

"Canon T. is a good man," was the reply, "but he is ignorant of the laws of the Inquisition. Do as you like, but remember that I have warned you."

Dear Eugene, I do not believe what this Father has told me ; I think he wished to alarm me. No, it is not possible that the Holy Catholic Church, our loving

mother, should hold such unjust and cruel sentiments. However, since vexation was always the certain result of my asking counsel, I determined to follow out the discussion without further advice from any one, and without saying anything about it. So I kept my appointment. But my paper is finished. I must reserve the rest for my next letter.

Adieu.

HENRI.

LETTER VII.

THE CARNIVAL.—THE POPE'S SUPREMACY.

Rome, March, 1847.

DEAR EUGENE,—We had agreed to meet the evening after our first discussion at Mr. Manson's house, but, recollecting that I was lodging in a convent, and could not be absent late without running the risk of being locked out for the night, I went that afternoon to excuse myself and make another arrangement. As it happened, I found the three friends in company, they were very glad to see me, and invited me to walk with them to an unfrequented spot, where we might be at liberty for discussion.

This was during the Carnival. You do not know what the Carnival is at Rome; and I will not deny that to us foreigners it appears to be conducted in a scandalous manner. The luxury and extravagance connected with theatres, balls, masquerades, and equipages, involve the ruin of numerous families, and the entertainments and merry-makings of the period fre-

quently occasion the death of individuals. The eight days of the Carnival are passed in Rome in the following manner: As soon after noon as the bell of the Capitol gives notice that masquers are permitted to appear, the streets are inundated with men and women, disguised in the strangest fashion, who give themselves up to all sorts of folly. Before sunset the horse-races take place, and a handsome reward is adjudged to the winner. Over these races, with all solemnity, presides the Roman Senate; the shadow of that Senate whose oracles formerly gave law to the world; but which is now reduced to content itself with decreeing a reward to the winning horse. After this the common people pursue their excesses in taverns, cafés, or in the streets, and the aristocracy retire to dinner. Two hours elapse before the theatres open, but these are no sooner closed at midnight, than entertainments follow which last till daybreak; finally every one goes to sleep till noon; and so speeds the Roman Carnival.

But, to say the truth, I have been most disgusted by seeing the clergy taking part in these diversions. Not that the priests go about masked, or if any of them do, they are reprov'd for it; still, during the Carnival there is acting and dancing in almost all the convents, and a theatre in most of the colleges, which the priests, monks, bishops, and cardinals frequent. These things astonish the inhabitants of graver countries, but are reputed most innocent here. Let me, however, resume my narrative.

To avoid the bustle and confusion we went out by the Porta Pia. This beautiful walk is absolutely deserted during the Carnival, when you only meet some old Cardinal or Jesuit. But that our discussion might be still more private we entered the Villa

Patriza, and sat down in the magnificent inner Piazza before the palace, which is at present uninhabited. "My friends," said the Waldense, "if we are all ready, let us begin by prayer;" and taking out his Bible he rose uncovered, and read the eleventh chapter of St. Luke, from the 9th to the 13th verse. He then paraphrased these verses in so earnest a prayer that the Holy Spirit might descend upon us, that he moved me to tears. "Oh, what an acquisition it would be to us," I inwardly exclaimed, "if such a man should be brought over to our holy religion." Having concluded his prayer, the Waldense observed, that there were several passages in the Bible which might conduct us to a clearer acquaintance with the truth of the subject before us. Mr. Sweetman remarked that he had something to object regarding the authority of the Church, but as that was not now the question, he would reserve his difficulties. "As to the Pope," he added, "I acknowledge him to be the Bishop of Rome, and nothing more; just as I recognise the Bishop of London." Mr. Manson said, that there would be nothing further to discuss if the passages of the Bible which had been cited were to be interpreted as Signor Pasquali interpreted them, but since all the fathers of the Primitive Church had agreed in admitting the supremacy of the Pope, Signor Pasquali must come to this conclusion: either that the Primitive Church was in error, or that he himself was. "You surely cannot say," he proceeded, "that the whole Church of antiquity was mistaken, and must, therefore, confess the mistake to be on your own part. Understand me, however, I do not agree with the Roman theologians about the prerogatives of this supremacy, in virtue of which the Pope, according to them, is a vice-God, nor do I mean in acknowledging his supremacy to acknow-

ledge his infallibility also." I listened anxiously for the Waldense's reply to this argument, but he turned to me, "Has Signor Abbate nothing to object?" "Many things," I replied, "but I should first like to hear you answer Mr. Manson." "As your arguments," he said, "will not differ much from his, I am reserving myself to reply to you both at once."

I began by adducing the celebrated passage in St. Matthew xvi. 18, 19, "I say unto thee that thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." I maintained, first, that in saying, "On this rock I will build my Church," with reference to Peter, our Lord means that his Church is built on Peter. It is true that Christ is the principal foundation, the invisible corner-stone; but Peter is the visible foundation and head. Second, that to Peter alone are promised the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and full authority to bind and loose; and, I added, "I defy the whole body of Protestants to find me a single passage in which the keys of the kingdom of heaven, the symbols of absolute power, are promised to any one excepting Peter. Peter, therefore, received from Jesus Christ supremacy over everything relating to the Church; for, as Cardinal Bellarmine observes, if these words do not indicate a grant of authority to Peter, why did Christ address them to him alone?"

I would have quoted other passages from the Bible, but the Waldense interrupted me by saying, it would be better to pause and consider this first. "Your first deduction from this passage," said he, "is based

on false premises. You suppose Peter to be the rock on which the Lord affirmed he would build his Church; but this is evidently incorrect, the New Testament being full of declarations which demonstrate that Christ, and Christ alone, is the foundation-stone on which the Church is built. St. Peter himself has at least twice loudly asserted that Christ is the only foundation (Acts iv. 11; 1 Peter ii. 4) on which God builds his Church. That our Lord alluded to himself when he said, 'Upon this rock will I build my Church,' appears to me beyond all doubt." The Waldense then commenced an exposition of the passage which struck me as entirely new. He said that if carefully weighed, the text excluded every reasonable possibility of explanation in favour of the supremacy of St. Peter. He observed, that in the Syro-Chaldaic, which our Lord probably made use of, the word *Cipha*, signifies a rock; and Simon, named by his Master Cipha, or, as we say, Cephas, is translated a rock. In these circumstances, the sense might have been equivocal, but for the wording of the Greek text of the Gospel, continuing, "Though the Greek word *πετρος* signifies both Peter and a rock, the Evangelist, or rather the Holy Spirit who guided his pen, well knew how to avoid the double meaning. It would have been quite elegant Greek to say *ἐπὶ τούτῳ τῷ πετρῷ*, upon this Peter, but an *équivoque* would then have arisen, and it might have been supposed that Christ intended to found his Church on Peter; to escape which the sacred writer has said, *ἐπὶ ταύτῃ τῇ πέτρᾳ*, upon this rock. This exposition," he said, "is not mine, but comes armed with authority you cannot resist, the authority of St. Augustine, who, in his *Book of Retractions*, in the twenty-first chapter, speaks as follows: 'It was not said to him

(Peter), thou art a rock, but thou art Peter ; the rock was Christ, and Simon, who confessed him as the Son of God, was Peter." "But," I interposed, "in other places St. Augustine asserts quite the contrary." "I should be glad," replied the Waldense, "if the Signor Abbate would notice the singular manner in which the Romish theologians treat the fathers ; on the one hand, they yield precedence to their authority ; while, on the other, they do not hesitate to place them in contradiction with themselves. We, primitive Christian Waldenses, who regard the fathers as private teachers, subject to error, and who do not admit their decisions unless they agree with the analogy of faith, respect them rather more than you Roman Catholics. For instance, the passage I have just quoted shows that St. Augustine was sincerely in error when he maintained St. Peter's supremacy, but he is not self-contradictory. The 'Book of St. Augustine's Retractions' ought to be in the hands of every one who treats of controversial matters. He had put forward much in the heat of discussion that in maturer age he saw ought not to have been advanced by a Christian. Before his death, he therefore composed a 'Book of Retractions,' in which he withdrew all his errors of doctrine, as in his 'Book of Confessions' he lamented his juvenile errors of practice. And the passage which I have quoted is of weighty import, both because the doctrine contained in the Retractions is thoroughly matured, and because they for ever refute all the other passages from St. Augustine which can be adduced in favour of St. Peter's supremacy." "But this exposition of yours," said Mr. Manson, "is opposed by the other fathers." "Even if it were," rejoined the Waldense, "you must remember that we are not to seek the truth among the fathers, but in the Word of God ;

but I will prove to you that such is not the case, though I cannot do so to-day, as I do not carry a whole library in my memory. For the present, let us go on interpreting Scripture by Scripture. Observe, I pray you, that scarcely had our Lord given utterance to the words in question, than he predicted his approaching death to his disciples, and Peter, allowing himself to be transported with a zeal which certainly was not according to knowledge, sought to dissuade him from the work of redemption; on which Jesus, turning round, said unto Peter, 'Get thee behind me, Satan; thou art an offence to me, for thou savourest not the things of God, but those which be of men.' (v. 23.) Let us suppose that in the antecedent verses he had constituted him the head of the Church, and what would have followed? That Jesus Christ himself had called the first Pope Satan at the very moment of his installation, and that he was offended with the first words he uttered after being preferred to his new dignity. Let the Popes of Rome apply all their faculties to the consideration of these consequences!" "Then, according to you," I returned, "the Lord's promise to Peter had no meaning!" "God forbid that I should entertain any such idea," he answered; "the promise recorded in this passage is the most precious that the Lord Jesus ever made to his Church; it points out the characteristic by which the Church of Christ may be recognised. Jesus Christ, in promising to build his Church on 'this rock,' that is to say, on the confession of his absolute divinity (a confession which does not result from the revelation of flesh and blood, that is, from human conviction, but from the revelation of our heavenly Father, that is, through entire and complete adhesion to the Word of God), promises that all those who are founded on this rock shall compose.

the Church of God, against which the gates of hell shall not be able to prevail."

"Dear Signor Pasquali," said Mr. Manson, "I do not hold *all* Roman doctrine, but the passage in question contains a promise made by Jesus Christ to Peter, and to Peter alone. We must therefore either admit the impious suggestion that Jesus did not keep his word, or allow that St. Peter was established, in a certain sense at least, as the Church's foundation-stone; I do not say as the primary one, for that is Christ himself, but at least as the secondary or ministerial foundation."

"Let us determine," replied Signor Pasquali, "the exact scriptural sense in which you believe St. Peter to have been the foundation of the Church, and any further question will be removed. Perhaps you mean that St. Peter was the foundation of the Church, in the sense that it was established on him alone, to the exclusion of the other apostles? This is the Popish gloss; but the Word of God says, that the Church is built on the foundation of the apostles and prophets. (Eph. ii. 20.) Here then, not St. Peter only, but the rest of the apostles, and even the prophets, are called equally with Peter, the foundations of the Church. In what other sense then is St. Peter the foundation of the Church? In the sense of being its principal basis? But this would be blasphemy—it would substitute a sinful man for the Son of God who bought the Church with his own blood. No other foundation can any man lay than that is laid—even Jesus Christ! So that the only remaining sense then in which St. Peter can be termed the foundation of the Church is the same as that in which James and John seemed to be pillars (Gal. ii. 9), and what they were, such other apostles were also. Jesus Christ is the chief corner-

stone, and the twelve apostles are the first twelve stones, built on that foundation. 'The wall of the city had twelve foundations—and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb.' (Rev. xxi. 14.) It is in this sense that St. Peter may be called the foundation of the Church." "If this were the case," said I, "the Lord would have addressed his discourse to all the apostles, but having directed it to Peter alone, it is clear that he referred to a privilege to be granted only to Peter." "I might reply, in the first place," rejoined the Waldense, "that Peter answered in the name of all, the question which Jesus had put to all, and therefore that the general promise respecting them was delivered to him. But perhaps the Signor Abbate and Mr. Manson will both be better pleased by St. Cyprian's reply, in his book on 'The Unity of the Church.' These are his words. 'To manifest this unity authoritatively, he prepared for its origin by beginning with one. Since the other apostles were equal to Peter, they had equal participation of honour and power, but Jesus sets out from one to show that the Church is one. He addressed his discourse to Peter, to demonstrate that though all the apostles possessed similar honour and power, yet their power was *one*, and to be exercised in conjunction, so that believers might not be able to say, I am of Peter, of Paul, or of John, but I am of Christ.' "

When he had proceeded to this length, joy sparkled in my face. I believed I might accuse the Waldense of disingenuously mutilating the passage of St. Cyprian. "So this," I exclaimed, "is the fair dealing of the Church's enemies! They mutilate passages of the fathers, omitting all that tells against them, that they may appear to be ever in the right! Why, Signor Pasquali, have you not told us what follows that

passage of St. Cyprian, or that he attributes supremacy to St. Peter, in order to demonstrate that Christ has only one Church, only one holy See?" "I should have thought," quietly replied the Waldense, "that the Signor Abbate would have kept silence on this subject for the honour of his cause! He has found the words which he appends to the passage of Cyprian, in the common place-book which his Professor has given him, and he will also find them in some falsified editions of the same father, but they are a manifest interpolation; first, because they are wanting in the most ancient and authentic manuscripts of Cyprian; second, because they are contrary to the scope of his book, which he wrote to demonstrate the unity of the Church, and not the supremacy of Peter, of which he was a most resolute opponent; third, they cannot be ascribed to Cyprian without making him contradict himself in so many words. What purpose would it have served to affirm Peter's supremacy, where only one line before he had asserted that all the apostles were absolutely equal, whether in honour or in power?"

I was silenced by this observation, which struck me as entirely new. I should have betrayed my confusion, but two mounted Papal guards with drawn swords approaching at full gallop, announced the Pope's presence in the Villa. His Holiness had descended from his carriage, and was advancing on foot towards the Palace. We all rose as he passed before us. I prostrated myself, and the Holy Father graciously permitted me to kiss his foot, meanwhile glancing at my three friends, who remained standing and uncovered, Mr. Manson slightly bowing his head. One of the prelates of the suite having passed on, the Pope called me aside, and asked who my companions were. I told him that they were foreign Protestants;

and he rejoined the *cortège*. After this he went into the Palace, and began to play billiards * with his guards and prelates. One of the former was sent to intimate that we were to leave the Villa. We at once obeyed. As we retired, the Waldense said to me, "When I saw you prostrate before the Pope, I was reminded of a passage in the Bible;" and he showed me Acts x. 25, 26. I should have liked to answer, but thought it prudent to separate from the rest, in order not to be seen in their company. They entered the city by the Porta Pia, and I turned towards the Porta Salaria.

I do not know if we shall continue our discussion, as we have made no appointment where to meet; but if we do, I will write to you at once.

Believe me ever, your affectionate friend,

HENRI.

LETTER VIII.

A ROMAN PARISH.

Rome, March, 1847.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—I am pledged to conceal from you nothing relating to our discussion, and I must perform my promise.

After our last meeting, I passed several days without receiving any intelligence of my friends.

* Pope Pius IX., in 1846 and 1847, often went to the Villa Patrizi, to play billiards with his guards and prelates.

One morning, however, I had a letter from Mr. Manson, of which the following is a copy:—

“Signor Abbate,—Since we visited the Villa Patrizi in company, circumstances, as I shall explain, have not only plunged me in great embarrassment, but have also much shaken my convictions.

“I need not remind you, however, that although I am no Roman Catholic, neither am I such a fanatical Protestant as to see nothing but evil in the Romish system. Well! the evening on which we parted, Signor Pasquali told me that his object in visiting Rome was to show it to Mr. Sweetman under its religious aspects. ‘To-morrow,’ he continued, ‘we shall begin our course, and it will afford us much pleasure if you will join us.’ I accepted the invitation, on which he said that, as we had been engaged in discussing the supremacy of the Pope, we had better direct our attention to the manner in which it was exercised. The morning after, we met by appointment, and went to a church, the name of which I at present withhold, where we inquired for the parish priest, an acquaintance of Signor Pasquali’s, who received us with great courtesy. Signor Pasquali begged him to conduct us to the Ecclesiastical Congregations. The priest replied that as it was the last day of the Carnival, they were all shut up; but he asked what was our reason for desiring to see them. ‘We are foreigners,’ said Signor Pasquali, ‘and wish to learn how the Pope exercises his supremacy by means of these Congregations.’ The priest then inquired further of Pasquali who we were, and on being informed, ‘Well,’ said he, ‘I believe I can trust you. This is my appointed hour for giving audience to my parishioners, but I shall soon despatch them:’ and he invited us to be present. So we went into a room on the

ground-floor, near the sacristy, over which was written, *Parrochietta*, or Parish Chamber. Outside the door were collected about fifty of the populace, both men and women, awaiting the audience. A pale-faced man, of repulsive physiognomy, was stationed at the entrance, to take care that the people went in one by one. I inquired who this was, and the priest told us he was the parish sexton, who, besides burying the dead, is an officer employed in the parishes of Rome as a messenger to assist the clergyman in matters relating to the poor. On entering the room the priest seated himself in his official chair, and we were placed around him. The first to be admitted to an audience was the sacristan, who had charge of a quantity of parish papers: certificates which entitled the holders to pensions from the public funds, or medical certificates to obtain permission to eat meat during Lent, and so forth. The sacristan dismissed, the parishioners entered in turn. One asked leave to carry arms prohibited by law, another hunting weapons; another, a certificate to enable him to accept an employment; another, permission to obtain his passport, while a lady magnificently dressed in silk and jewels begged for a certificate of poverty to enable her to carry on a lawsuit against her husband; and the priest granted it. We looked at one another with astonishment; but as soon as she was gone out he said to us, 'If I had refused that certificate of poverty, I should have subjected myself to intolerable persecution; that lady is protected by Monsignor A—— against her husband, from whom she has procured her separation.' 'But,' said Signor Pasquali, 'how could you give a false certificate?' 'In the first place,' rejoined the priest, 'I might answer you,

that my certificate is only a legal formality, and can injure no one; and even if it were to prove false, to tell a harmless lie to save oneself from certain persecution, is either not a sin at all, or a sin of the most venial character; in the second place, I must inform you, that we parish priests have learnt how to make false attestations without lying. For example, in the case of this lady, my certificate runs thus: "I, the undersigned, attest that, as far as I am aware, the Signora N—— is in poverty." Saying, "as far as I am aware" secures me, because it means, as far as I know by certain and evident proofs. Now I, not having evident proofs of her riches, am bound to suppose that the poverty she professes is real. Further, it is our doctrine that a certificate of poverty may be given in all good faith to the richest, since even a rich man may be poor in comparison with some one richer than himself, and the very richest in comparison with his desires. To tell you the truth,' he continued, 'I am not altogether persuaded of these doctrines, but what can I do? Here in Rome the parish priest's certificate is necessary for everything, and if we were to refuse it we should expose ourselves to the risk of being murdered, as three of my own friends were not long ago. Many others have also been assaulted.' So saying, he made a sign to the sexton, who ushered in, one by one, those who were still awaiting admission.

"I will not trouble you with the remainder of the audience, but I must acknowledge that the impression it made on me was worse than unsatisfactory. One man had recourse to the priest on account of the bad conduct of his wife, and required that he should grant him redress. One woman appealed against the bad conduct of her husband. Another accused her neigh-

bour of having injured her, and the neighbour, who was present, loudly exclaimed against this statement, maintaining that *she* was the injured party. They would have come to blows if the sexton had not forcibly separated and put them out by the priest's order. One weeping girl complained against her seducer, and prayed that he might be obliged to marry her. The audience ended, the priest conducted us to his own apartments, and I asked him if all this took place every day? 'Twice a day,' he replied, 'except Sundays, when once suffices.' Signor Pasquali begged him to explain the functions of the parochial clergy in Rome. He answered, 'The office of a parish priest in Rome is a post of much delicacy, being connected with all the tribunals and with all the administrations. His closest relations are, however, with the Vicariate. The Vicariate in Rome, or the tribunal of the Cardinal Vicar, is at once a police court and a tribunal; a police court in regard to the priest, a tribunal in regard to women of bad life and offenders against decorum. The Vicariate does nothing without first communicating with the parish priest, whose attestation is required for permission to assume the ecclesiastical habit, to take orders, or to say mass. Once a-year he must give secret information to the Vicariate, of the conduct of all the priests who dwell within the bounds of his parish, and every time that he sees or hears of any fault committed by a priest or deacon, he must report it. An accused priest cannot be proceeded against before information has been forwarded to the parochial clergyman. In a word, the parochial clergyman must inform the Vicariate of every circumstance connected with the priests.'

"'If this be the case,' said Mr. Sweetman, 'how comes it that the priests can be guilty of so much immo-

ality with impunity?' 'That happens,' rejoined the priest, 'for two reasons: First, because the Vicariate only institutes proceedings when scandal has arisen, that is to say, in answer to an appeal from the neighbourhood; for if the priest knows how to manage these things so that no one complains of him, no proceedings are instituted. Hence if a priest residing with a female cousin, niece, or governess, or frequenting a house of ill-fame, can only gain over his neighbours by means of gold, patronage, and hypocrisy, or by inspiring them with reverence for his office and position, he rests secure; the Vicariate knows all, but shuts its eyes in order to avoid giving publicity to secret guilt. The second reason is, that many appeals are treated as calumnies. A priest, for example, may be tutor and administrator for certain wards, and abuse his trust; but let him be a man who has shown much zeal for religion, and the credit of religion will require the accusation to be dismissed as a calumny; for what would the people say, if they knew that the most zealous priests are sometimes the most wicked?'

"Dear Signor Abbate, you cannot imagine what a blow these revelations gave me! Signor Pasquali darted me a mischievous glance, and the parish priest continued, 'The Court of the Vicariate acts as a tribunal for crimes committed against public morality. Women of bad character are under the jurisdiction of the Cardinal Vicar: and every parish priest has in his possession a register of those who are to be found in his district,' and in proof of this he opened a drawer, and took out a book in red binding, where all the women of blemished reputation were enrolled in alphabetical order. 'When a parish priest,' he resumed, 'is weary of tolerating one of these women, he has nothing to do but to denounce her to the

Vicariate, and, if she has not powerful protectors, she is immediately incarcerated, and condemned to exile or detention; but she cannot be condemned unless her parish priest gives information against her.'

"'But,' I inquired, 'is the Pope aware of these things?'

"'The Pope,' he replied, 'was formerly a bishop, and knows them better than I; but we have a maxim on which the whole conduct of the Vicariate is based, and which I do not hesitate to say is the hinge on which our entire system turns. The maxim is this: Of two evils choose the least.' 'That is an impious maxim,' interrupted Mr. Sweetman. 'St. Paul says (Rom. iii. 8), that the condemnation of such as admit it is just.' 'Let us distinguish,' rejoined the priest: 'St. Paul speaks of those who do evil that good may come; but we do not say that evil may be done, only that it may be permitted. It is one thing to do wrong and quite another to tolerate it.' 'St. Paul says,' replied Mr. Sweetman, 'that those who permit or consent to evil are as guilty as those who do it.' (Rom. i. 32, margin.) The priest did not trouble himself to answer Mr. Sweetman's observations; but although a little disconcerted, he continued, and informed us that it was not only the Vicariate which occupied a parish priest in Rome; but that all the tribunals, all the administrations, all the congregations gave him as much to do. 'For example,' he said, 'no one can obtain employment, a passport, a favour, or a license without his parish priest's certificate. Failing this, a sick person would be denied admission to the hospital, a maiden could not receive her marriage portion, nor one relation visit another in prison or at the hospital; a poor man could not obtain assistance, nor the widow of a civil or military officer her pension; in a word, our certificates

are necessary for everything. We are further required to be ready to give answers to the police, to the Inquisition, to the tribunals, or to the heads of the administrations, when they seek information from us on whatever subject.'

" 'But how do you become acquainted,' I asked, 'with the conduct of all your parishioners?' 'Gentlemen,' he replied, 'this is a terrible secret which I should never have revealed if you had not been friends of Signor Pasquali's. I groan, gentlemen, under a weight of iniquity which I cannot support, and from which I pray God to open me a way of escape. The confessional is the grand engine of policy which we employ, not, however, take notice, that our parishioners come to confess to us, they are afraid to confess to their parish priests. The parish priests in Rome are the least resorted to as confessors; but they have their seven or eight devotees spread about their parish, who are maintained upon the alms which ought to be apportioned to the genuine poor, and these devotees search the parish, and every morning are at the curate's confessional to give in their discoveries. It is an iniquity, I know, but an inevitable one. If, when the Vicariate asks information of you for the purpose of convicting any person, you say you know nothing about the matter, or fail to give good information, you are accused of not doing your duty, and liable to be removed.'

" 'But how and when do you perform the essential functions of a parish priest, such as preaching, catechizing, and visiting the poor and sick?'

" 'What you call the essential functions of a parish priest are considered of secondary importance; for example, as to preaching, there is a parish priest in Rome, and one of the most exemplary and esteemed, who has never preached and is incapable of preaching.

Others preach on certain Sundays of the year; but sometimes to so small a congregation, that if it were not for the few devotees whom I have already mentioned, there would be none at all. We are not at liberty to preach the Word of God; the Roman Catechism assigns us subjects of discourse, and prescribes how we are to treat them. As for catechizing, one hour every Sunday is devoted to hearing the children repeat *Bellarmino's Catechism*; and as for visiting the poor, that is performed by deputies from the Commission of Aid. The sick are attended to by the curate, the sacristan, or other priests, who are paid for the purpose.'

"All this time Signor Pasquali had not spoken. However, he now rose, and taking the priest's hand, he said, 'I advise you to meditate on 1 Cor. iv. 1: "Let a man so account of us as of the ministers of Christ, as stewards of the mysteries of God."' On this we took leave.

"I confess, dear Signor Abbate, that I was much disconcerted by what I had just heard; but a second conversation has increased my disgust for Rome, as I will explain to you, *viva voce*, if you will favour me by making an appointment for the continuation of our discussion.

"If the Romish system has been truly represented to me I must cease to admire it. I remain, &c., &c.,

"W. MANSON, M.A."

Truth, my dear Eugene, constrains me to acknowledge that Mr. Manson's letter has disconcerted me also. I am, indeed, in a fearful position. A voice within me seems to say, "Thou art in error, and the Waldense is right." I know that it is the voice of

a demon, but it is loud and powerful, and there are days on which it does not leave me a moment's rest. I hope it may be a passing temptation; I feel that my religion is the true one. I know that Rome contains abuses, but they proceed from human infirmity and not from religion. They are abuses in practice and not in doctrine. Our doctrine is pure and true.

It increases my anguish that I can open my heart to no one except to you, and what consolation can *you* afford me?

I replied to Mr. Manson, thanking him for his communication, and begging him to excuse me from an interview for the present; but adding a request, that if he had anything further to tell me he would write by post. I did not feel myself fit for discussion. God will strengthen me for the future. Dear Eugene, adieu.

HENRI.

LETTER IX.

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD—INDULGENCES—RELICS.

Rome, March, 1847.

DEAR EUGENE,—Two days after despatching the reply of which I told you in my last, I received by post the following letter:—

“Signor Abbate,—I was very anxious for some conversation with you, hoping to find you had good grounds to controvert the parish priest's revelations. Your refusing me an interview, however, leads me to fear that this is not the case, but, notwithstanding, I

should like to inform you of the particulars of a second visit to the same personage.

"Two days after our first interview we waited on him again. He was in the sacristy. A female dressed in black was seated, bitterly weeping, before a table, at which the priest was writing. The sacristan and the sexton were standing on each side of him, and, interchanging looks of intelligence, mixed with sarcastic smiles, in which there was something disgusting. On seeing the priest thus occupied, we held ourselves a little apart: the priest laid down his pen. 'Here is your account,' said he to the poor woman, 'and I assure you that I have made it out with all possible economy.' 'Fifty scudi!' exclaimed she, 'how can a poor widow furnish such a sum!'

"But, not to detain you with the minute details of an incident that wrung my very heart, I will mention in general that the poor woman was a widow, who had lost her husband the day before, and was contracting with the priest for the price of his burial. It seems our friend is one of the best and most disinterested of the parochial clergy of Rome; nevertheless, some fifty Roman scudi to be paid down at once was a tolerable demand on a poor widow, hitherto supported by the scanty earnings of a husband, who had died without leaving her any other fortune than his six children. She had the priest's account before her, but her eyes were too full of tears to read it; so the sacristan and the sexton both stretched out their heads to see how much was allotted to them, and remarked to the widow, who, however, paid no attention, the great moderation which the priest had observed. 'Take notice,' said the sexton, 'this death will only bring me seven scudi, when I should at least have ten.' 'And the Church,' added the sacristan, 'will only get about ten scudi, the

rest is for wax lights, and the expenses of the priests and friars. You should think yourself well off,' he went on, 'to have met with so considerate a priest.'

"Neither Mr. Sweetman nor I, with all our English moderation, could have restrained ourselves any longer had not Signor Pasquali come forward, and calling the priest aside, begged him to find an excuse for dismissing the widow, and telling her that within an hour or two he would come to conclude the bargain at her own house, an arrangement to which he agreed. In the meanwhile we went into the priest's apartments, and Signor Pasquali left us for a short time, requesting that we would wait for him.

"As soon as we were alone with the priest we begged him to explain to us the burial system in Rome; and he told us that a few hours after death, the corpse was removed to the parish church, on the payment of certain dues to the priest, and the funeral service of the Church having been performed, that it was privately conveyed at night to the cemetery in which it was to be interred. We asked for further details, and he replied, 'They are not of the most edifying nature; but it does not signify, I will tell you all.' He then informed us, that in the Roman Church there is a code called '*Statuta Cleri*,' for the regulation of funeral expenses; both Romans and foreigners who die in Rome must conform to it, and be buried with the funeral ceremonies herein prescribed. If the friends of the deceased, on pretext of humility, or for other reasons, refuse to comply, the parish priest summons the executors before the tribunal, and they are immediately condemned to pay the dues, in whatever mode the funeral may have been solemnized; and in case the deceased has many creditors, the parish is always the first to be satisfied. 'You might perceive,' he added,

‘that the case of that poor widow distressed me. I know that she has nothing, and must run into debt to satisfy my claim, but I had no choice. If I excused her every one else would beg to be exempted also ; my colleagues would accuse me of having introduced abuses, and I should be involved in endless difficulties.’

“By this time Signor Pasquali returned, and begged that the priest would take us to see the Congregations which assist the Pope in the exercise of his supremacy. Having given some orders to the sacristan, he went with us.

“We at once proceeded to the Office of Indulgences. In the first room we entered a man was occupied in stamping the occasion of their grant on Rescripts of Indulgence. The walls of the second were loaded with shelves, piled with the originals of former grants ; then there were four tables occupied by four priests, three of whom were employed in making out Rescripts, and the fourth in distributing them to those by whom they had been requested, and in taking their money. We passed on to the third room, where was a minor prelate, the Vice-Secretary, a friend of our priest’s. He received us with great politeness, and, on hearing that we were foreigners, courteously described to us the routine of the office. He told us that the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences is composed of several cardinals, but only for form’s sake ; and that there is also a Secretary-Prelate, who, however, takes no interest in the proceedings, which are all conducted by his substitute and other subordinate priests, by whom indulgences are granted, altars privileged, and the right of consecrating garlands, crucifixes, and medals dispensed, as well as a hundred similar immunities, to those who want them. I begged to know what a privileged altar meant, and he, smiling

at my ignorance, told me, that it signified an altar where the performance of mass was effectual to liberate from purgatory the soul for whom it was said. 'Privileged altars,' he continued, 'are of two kinds, real and personal; the real are those in which the privilege is annexed to the altar; the personal, those in which the privilege is annexed to the person saying mass; so that every time a priest who has an altar personally privileged says mass, he may free a soul from purgatory.'

" 'But at whose discretion can this privilege be bought?' inquired Mr. Sweetman. 'Bought! it is not bought,' replied the Vice-Secretary; 'for though the merest trifle is paid for it, its possessor soon makes many times as much again; since, when it becomes known whose masses liberate souls from purgatory, every one tries to have them said by the privileged priest, and remunerates him accordingly.'

" Dear Signor Abbate, what can you allege to justify such a horrible transaction? And remember that, besides being an enormous practical abuse, it also involves an error of doctrine, than which I can imagine none greater. For a few pence I may purchase the right of dismissing souls from purgatory, and be all the better off for it! To my mind such an iniquity cannot be surpassed!

" Signor Pasquali then asked, what was the official method of granting indulgences? The Vice-Secretary replied, 'The Office makes no difficulty of according any which the petitioner requires for himself and his own family, or which appear to be of a private nature. In regard to those which are of a public character, I apply to his Holiness. Such as are desired in perpetuity, or bring great benefit to the Church, or to the person to whom they are granted, are obtained by

a rescript made at this Office in the first instance, but which must then be forwarded to the Brief Office, and a considerable sum paid on it according to the amount of the privilege.'

"Signor Pasquali remarked, that an indulgence being a spiritual thing, it seemed to him simony to sell it. 'No doubt,' replied the Vice-Secretary, 'to sell indulgences would be simony. God preserve us from such an idea! Protestants falsely accuse the Church of selling everything. In the first place, indulgences are not sold, they are granted gratis; what is paid for is not the indulgence itself, but the title and the ink, and, as these are material things, we may buy and sell them in all good conscience.'

"On taking leave, we thanked the Vice-Secretary for his politeness, and proceeded to visit another Office. As we were retiring, the priest told us that the Congregation of Indulgences adjoined the Congregation of Relics, and he invited us to go and see the Depository.

"We therefore entered an ancient German College, now a Roman Seminary, where this Depository exists. The first chamber was ornamented with fragments of sepulchral stones, ancient glasses, and vases from the lamps called Eternal Lights, and other things of a similar character. The second room is full of wooden chests, dyed green, containing the relics of popular saints. In this room there are four priests, whose business it is to place the relics in shrines for distribution, and you shudder to see the tables covered with a confused mass of bones, teeth, pieces of old garments, hair, and so forth, tumbled together with the greatest indecency, so that I could not believe that they were relics, till our priest assured me of the fact. I conclude the priests who distribute them do not believe in them; if they did, they would treat them less contemptuously. The

third room is devoted to what are called the Grand Relics, relating to the Apostles, the Virgin, and our Lord himself, and here a Reverend Custode, who paid great respect to our conductor, gives audience to visitors. 'These friends of mine,' said the priest, 'desire to see some of the grand relics.' 'It is impossible,' replied the Custode; 'without a written permission from the Cardinal-Vicar I can show nothing. But pray inform me, Signor, are these gentlemen Catholics?' When he heard to the contrary, he seemed thunderstruck. 'Quick! quick! Signor Parrocco, let us come away,' he exclaimed, and led us out immediately. When we reached the corridor he begged our pardon, but said that if the Cardinal-Vicar should arrive, and learn that three Protestants had entered these precincts, he would lose his situation. We asked the reason of so much strictness. 'Because,' he replied, 'Protestants come and see, and then publish what they have seen to our discredit.' 'Reassure yourself, Signor Canonico,' said the parish priest, 'and be not so suspicious. You know me, and that I am incapable of compromising you.' 'Well, then,' said the Custode, 'I will point out where certain things are kept, but can show you nothing myself.' This contented us.

"He told us that they had a great quantity of common relics, which were daily replenished from the catacombs, but that they had very few of the more distinguished class. I asked how the Pope could decide whether the skeletons found in the catacombs belonged to the saints. 'The Pope,' he replied, 'takes no interest in such matters; he commits them all to the Cardinal-Vicar, and he in his turn, devolves them on the Jesuit Father Marchi, who visits the remains as they are disinterred, and when he believes them to have

been saints, sends them here for us to baptize and distribute to the faithful.' 'To baptize!' I interrupted, with astonishment; 'do you baptize dead bones?' The Custode explained that by baptizing, he meant nothing more than naming them. No one knows to whom a certain skeleton once belonged, but the reliquary stands in need of relics of St. Patrick, for example, and the skeleton is called St. Patrick's. Signor Pasquali then observed, that it seemed, the authenticity of a relic depended on the judgment of one individual, and he a Jesuit! The Rev. Custode shrugged his shoulders and continued, 'We have some superior relics; relics of the twelve apostles; of St. John the Baptist; some of the milk, the hair, and clothes of the Virgin, of St. Joseph, St. James, and St. Anna; and then we have relics of our Lord; for instance, two thorns from the crown, a fragment of the true cross, of the title, of the sponge, of the robe without seam, of the reed, and other things of the same kind. But if you wish to see more of the superior relics, you may find in the Church of Santa Croce the finger of St. Thomas with which he touched our Lord's side; a phial full of our Lord's blood; another phial full of the Virgin's milk; the stone on which the Angel Gabriel stood at the Annunciation; a piece of the stone on which our Lord was seated when he pardoned Mary Magdalene's sins; a fragment of the two tables of the law, written with the finger of God; a portion of the manna with which God fed the people in the wilderness; the entire title of the cross; a great part of the cross itself; a lock of our Lord's hair; and a quantity of other scarcely less precious relics. In the Church of St. Cecilia you will meet with more of the Virgin Mary's milk; and there is another phial full at the Church of St. Cosmo; and again at *Santa Maria in Transpontina*. At the Church of S. Prasside there is preserved

a chemise of the Virgin's; a piece of Moses' rod; the image of our Lord, which St. Peter presented to Pudens; one of the stones with which they stoned St. Stephen, and the pillar to which our Saviour was bound when he was scourged. They can show you in St. John Lateran, a phial of the blood and water which issued from our Lord's side; the head of St. Zacharias, father of John the Baptist; the towel with which our Lord dried his hands after having washed the apostles' feet; the linen with which he wiped their feet; the table-cloth used at the Last Supper; the rod of Moses and Aaron; the altar on which St. John the Baptist sacrificed in the desert, to say nothing of many more equally important relics, laid up in the different other churches in Rome.'

"Mr. Sweetman reddened with indignation. I also shuddered; but Signor Pasquali maintained the most icy frigidity, and put several other questions to the good-natured Canon. However, the parish priest seeing that matters were likely to take an undesirable turn, hastened our adieux, and we departed.

"Signor Pasquali then inquired of him, 'On what passages of the Bible the Romish Church founded the worship of relics?' 'On two facts,' replied the priest; 'the first is in heaven: it is written in the Apocalypse (vi. 9), "I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the Word of God." If, then, the souls of the martyrs are under the altar in heaven, their bodies may well be under the altar on earth. The other fact relates to Stephen. It is written (Acts viii. 2), "And devout men carried Stephen to his burial." Therefore, to collect the relics of the saints is a religious work.'

"What do you think of these arguments, Signor Abbate? Have you any better?

"On quitting the priest we asked Signor Pasquali

where he went when he left us so unceremoniously in the sacristy. We found that the good man had gone to console the poor widow, and secretly presented her with a bank note of fifty scudi for her husband's funeral expenses. We begged to participate in this act of charity.

"In the evening we went to see how the dead were buried at Rome. A horrible spectacle! From every parish church an hour after dark issue the corpses to be interred, borne by two ill-looking sextons, preceded by a mercenary priest, who sometimes joins with the sextons (leaving the corpse in the public streets) in going to drink at the taverns. On reaching their destination, they pack the corpses one on the other, until the whole number due from the different parishes arrive. Meanwhile the sextons, seated upon them, hold the most disgusting discourse: blaspheming, and heaping insults and imprecations on the corpses.* When all have arrived, they are thrown promiscuously into a waggon and conducted to the cemetery, where a great pit is opened and they are cast in. The mouth is closed with a stone, which will be removed when night returns, for the reception of fresh corpses.

"This barbarous and impious system of burial filled me with indignation. Mr. Sweetman would have left Rome immediately had not Signor Pasquali persuaded him to stay.

"I feel my love for the Church of Rome daily diminishing, and am at a loss to know where all this

* This account is written by an eye-witness, who can produce the names of the places and persons concerned in the transaction. It is true that the state of things is not now so bad, the system of removing the corpses having been in some degree ameliorated in the year 1847, through the exertions of the writer, but the mode of sepulture continues the same.

will end. I entreat you grant me an interview. I have the greatest desire to converse with you !

“Believe me your sincere friend,

“W. MANSON, M.A.”

My dear Eugene, I scarcely know where I am. After transcribing such a letter as this, I am unable to add a single word. Pardon my confusion, and pity my distress ! Adieu.

HENRI.

LETTER X.

THE POWER OF THE KEYS.

Rome, March, 1847.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—Mr. Manson's second letter threw me into consternation. Although I have been several years in Rome, I had never before heard of such transactions. But the infernal revelations of those imprudent priests convinced me that there were many abuses in the administration of ecclesiastical affairs, which imperatively demanded reformation. And so, oppressed by melancholy thoughts, mortified and disheartened, I wandered about, seeking relief in solitude from the burden which weighed upon my spirits.

On a certain day, after dinner, I penetrated into one of the arches of the Flavian Amphitheatre, and seated in what I believed to be a retired situation, soon became lost in thought. The sound of approaching footsteps aroused me ; I turned, and saw my three friends, who expressed the liveliest pleasure at our meeting.

After we had exchanged the usual compliments, the Waldense told me with his characteristic seriousness, that he was at a loss how to interpret my conduct in abandoning our discussion. "Either you believe yourself in the right, and ought not to desert the field; or you believe yourself in the wrong, and ought not to retain that dress; or you are in doubt, and ought to seek to ascertain the truth, and having found, to follow it." I answered, that I felt certain I was in the right, but that it was impossible for me to reply to arguments drawn from the Bible, when brought forward by those who did not allow the authority of the Church. "But," rejoined the Waldense, "I will willingly appeal to the authority of your Church in this discussion. Are you satisfied?" I begged him to explain himself more clearly, being unable to comprehend how he, a Protestant, could admit the authority of the Church of Rome. "I do not admit the authority of the Church of Rome," he said, "and could not do so without renouncing my common sense; but, for argument's sake, I will meet you on your own ground, and we will base our discussion on the interpretation of those whom you call Fathers, explaining the Bible precisely after the manner determined on at the fourth sitting of the Council of Trent." Mr. Manson said that he did not himself admit the authority of the Church of Rome, but neither did he see how it was impossible to admit it without the renunciation of common sense. "As this is not our principal point," answered Signor Pasquali, "I will only ask you to reflect that, in admitting the infallible authority of the Roman Church, we must include four or five contradictions, each more glaring than the other; for example, that the Bible is obscure and unintelligible in matters clearer than the light of the sun, such as salvation by

grace, while we affirm it perfectly comprehensible on obscure points, or on those it says nothing about; for instance, the infallible authority of the Church. We must allow that an assembly of fallible men constitutes infallibility, contrary to the first principles of right reason; that a man, by nature liable to err, is no sooner raised by bribery or intrigue to fill the Papal chair, than he becomes infallible; that the decisions of Councils, even when they contradict themselves, are infallible; and that when an infallible Pope destroys what an infallible Pope had established, both acts are infallible; propositions evidently at variance with common sense." To all which he added, that while the Roman Church decided against private judgment in biblical interpretation, the commentators recognised by the Church were so numerous that a collection of their works would form an immense library, and that such was the puerility, the arrogance, the blasphemy which they contained, that all the false interpretations of the heretics taken together, could not equal them. St. Jerome, for example, in his Apology addressed to Panuchius, dared to accuse St. Paul of *artifice* and *dissimulation*. "The Signor Abbate," he continued, "has too much candour to deny these things; but this is not to the purpose to-day. I should like, if the Signor Abbate will permit me, to proceed with our discussion on the supremacy."

Being unprepared to reply to the objections of the Waldense against the authority of the Church, the rather that some of them involved a profound acquaintance with history, I was well content to revert to the question of the supremacy. The place was solitary. No one had disturbed us, so we seated ourselves upon a fallen column, and began.

I must remind you that our last discussion turned on

the celebrated passage of St. Matthew, "Thou art Peter," &c. "Do not imagine," said I, "that I give in to your explanation in our recent argument. You applied yourself to the explanation of the words, 'and on this rock,' with the design of proving that the rock is not Peter but Jesus Christ. Even if it were so, what have you to say to the clause which follows, 'and I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven?' There can be no doubt," I continued, "that our Lord here gives to Peter what is called the power of the keys, or the right to rule the Church of Jesus Christ, and to regulate everything pertaining to its discipline; including authority to absolve or bind souls in censure, to preach the Gospel and lawfully delegate others to preach it, to interpret Scripture, confer orders, and in one word to administer the constitution of the Church. The symbol of keys represents the most absolute, the most illimitable authority. When an absolute sovereign takes possession of his kingdom,* he is presented with keys as a sign of absolute dominion. St. Peter, therefore, in receiving the promise of the keys of the kingdom of heaven, received the promise of absolute and illimitable power."

The Waldense answered: "You yourself, Signor Abbate, unconsciously afford me a reply. You tell me that the keys are a symbol of power. Let us see if the sacred text does not determine what sort of power is expressed under this symbol: 'Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.' Jesus himself determines the power symbolized by the keys. Now this power was not promised

to Peter alone, but to all Christians ; not to the bishops or the priests, but to every true Christian, without distinction of clergy or laity." This extravagant notion of the good Waldense brought a smile both to my lips and Mr. Manson's also. But the Waldense, drawing forth his Bible, continued, "I have advanced nothing which I cannot prove. Read the eighteenth chapter of St. Matthew," and he pointed out to us that although a traditional interpretation imported that the eighteenth verse was addressed to the apostles alone, like the twenty-first, twenty-second, and twenty-third verses of John xx., it was nevertheless a fact that it was spoken not only to the apostles, but to the *disciples*. These words, he said, were a promise, fulfilled, according to the Council of Trent, in St. John xx. 23, when Jesus actually bestows what He had promised—the power of remitting and retaining sins. If you carefully consider the Gospel narrative, comparing the twentieth of John with the twenty-fourth of St. Luke, you will see that Jesus gave to his disciples the power of remitting sins the evening of his resurrection, when the two disciples having returned from Emmaus joined the eleven, and those *who were with them*. (Luke xxiv. 33.) The power of the keys, then, was given not only to Peter, as Rome avers ; not only to the apostles, as others think ; but to all the *disciples*. This power, then, so far from establishing Peter's supremacy, on the contrary, excludes such a possibility."

"But what then," said Mr. Manson, "becomes of apostolical succession ?"

"What ought to become of it ?" returned the Waldense. "The apostles, as apostles, can have no successors. As disciples, their successors are all those who hold the same faith as they held—"

“And the power of the Church transmitted by succession?” continued Mr. Manson.

“There is not a single word in the Bible about this power being transmitted by succession,” said the Waldense. “The power of the Church has its origin in its only Head, Jesus Christ. The Church is his body; Christians, or disciples, are members of this body, and Jesus Christ is the Head. Hence the authority of the Church is no other than the authority of Jesus Christ communicated to his body, inasmuch as it is united to Him as the head.”

“If, according to your notion,” interrupted I, “every Christian had the power of the keys, there would no longer exist any distinction between bishops, priests, and laity; every little girl would be able to remit sin, and the Church, ceasing to be a well-ordered society, would fall into horrible anarchy.” Not only Mr. Manson, but Mr. Sweetman himself agreed with me; however, the Waldense pointed out that in pursuing this discussion we were wandering from our proper theme, and begged us to reserve our objection till we came to consider the nature of the Church, as a reply on the instant would necessarily lead us into lengthened argument.

I then remarked that hitherto he had not redeemed his word about carrying on the discussion according to the principles of the Romish Church; on which, producing a manuscript book filled with quotations from the Fathers, he exclaimed, “I am ready to perform my promise; the Council of Trent, in its Fourth Session, commanded that the Bible should be interpreted according to the unanimous consent of the Fathers. Let us then explain the passage, ‘I will give thee the keys,’ &c., as the Fathers do. Listen to Origen (Hom. xii.) on Matthew, speaking as follows :

‘Are the keys of the kingdom of heaven given to Peter only, and shall no one else of all the elect receive them? For if these words, *I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven*, are common to the rest, why not also those which precede and follow them, although they seem directed to Peter alone?’ You see that Origen believed as I believe, that the power of the keys was given by Jesus to all his disciples, all the elect, all true Christians, not to Peter alone, or the apostles alone. St. Jerome says, ‘You will say that the Church is founded on Peter, but we read that it is founded equally on all the apostles, and that each one of them received the keys of the kingdom of heaven.’ Ambrose, on Psalm xxxviii., asserts that what was said to Peter about the keys of the kingdom of heaven was also said to the other apostles. Gaudentius (Oration xvi.) affirms, that after the resurrection of Jesus Christ, all the apostles, as well as Peter, received the keys of the kingdom of heaven, when the Lord said to them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Augustine, ‘*De Agone Christiano*,’ chap. 20, declares that the keys of the kingdom of heaven were given to the Church, when they were given to Peter, and, in another place, Sermon 149, ‘*De Verbis Domini*,’ and Sermon 295, he asks, Did Peter receive the keys to the exclusion of Paul? Did Peter receive them to the exclusion of John and James and the rest of the apostles? Are not these keys to be found in the Church, where sins are daily forgiven? The keys were not received by one man, but by the unity of the Church.”

Not to be too tedious, dear Eugene, I will only mention that the Waldense quoted a number more passages from the Fathers, which I took down for future reference, and then returning his manuscript book to his pocket he addressed me as follows: “What think

you, Signor Abbate? Either your boasted Fathers were heretics like me, or I am a Catholic like them. Take your choice." Then, turning to Mr. Manson, he said, "You should study ecclesiastical antiquity at its source, and not in the works of those who have written to prove that antiquity supports their errors."

You will conclude that I did not allow these arguments from the Fathers to pass without some reply. I said that I proposed, on my part, to adduce at least as many passages from the Fathers to the contrary effect, and which demonstrate the supremacy of the Pope by the words, "And I will give thee the keys," &c. On this, Signor Pasquali, assuming a more serious tone, remarked, "This is precisely what I expected from you, Signor Abbate. Since the 'unanimous consent' of your Fathers can argue for and against the same doctrine, can interpret in opposite senses the same passage of the Bible, you must surely confess that the principle of interpretation established by the Council of Trent is false and illusory: false, because it can never conduct you to the true meaning; illusory, because, while you believe yourself to have obtained a certain principle of interpretation, you will still be under the necessity of recurring to another standard, that is to say, the Church, and renouncing your former one. Let us, therefore, return simply and unreservedly to the only source of certainty, the only authoritative judge in all controversies, the pure Word of God. Let us be content to leave a contradictory antiquity, which may serve to minister to the pomp of erudition, but cannot demonstrate true doctrine."

It was growing late, and I had received an invitation to pass the evening at Monsignor C.'s. I was therefore about to take leave, but my friends told me they were also invited, and we went together. On our way,

I asked Mr. Manson who was the parish priest of whom he had spoken in both his letters. "The priest of Santa Maria Madalena," answered he, "a man who seems to have received a good education, and was once Professor of Theology and Censor of the Theological Academy at Rome, also Theologian to the Holy Office. But," he added, "it appears that he is not very well affected to the Romish Church." I said I should like to become acquainted with him, so my friends and I made an appointment for the following morning, when they promised to present me to him.

The events of that wretched evening at Monsignor C.'s, and all that I learned the morning after, tended to disconcert me more than all the Waldense's arguments. But I have finished my paper, and must reserve the account for my next letter. Adieu.

HENRI.

LETTER XI.

AN EVENING PARTY—ECCLESIASTICAL POLICE.

Rome, March, 1847.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—I said in my last letter that I would give you an account of the evening I passed at Monsignor C.'s, with my three friends. However much it costs me to be constrained to communicate with you on points from which it is certain you can derive no edification, I nevertheless prefer to open my whole heart sincerely, than from fear of man to conceal even the most trivial circumstance. I am a

Catholic from conviction, and although the arguments of Signor Pasquali, the revelations of the parish priest, and the disorders I witness, disturb me not a little, I am still attached to my own Church; I acknowledge her as the true Church, while I confess that she has fallen from her primitive purity of doctrine, and is likewise dishonoured by the abuses which have been introduced into her practice. But abuses are of men; the doctrine is from God.

We all four proceeded together to Monsignor C.'s palace. The staircase was magnificently illuminated with wax candles, and, as we entered the hall, a number of servants in splendid livery were loudly announcing the new arrivals in the ante-chamber. The names were repeated in the same manner from room to room, till they reached the saloon in which was the Prelate himself, in order that he might rise and meet his guests with all due attention to etiquette, if their rank was such as to require it. Having passed through four ante-chambers, we entered the reception-room, a noble apartment, superbly furnished, and also lighted with wax. The Prelate took a step or two towards us, and extended his hand to the two Englishmen, and slightly bowed to the Waldense and myself. He then presented the two former to various cardinals, prelates, priests, and ladies, who were there, leaving poor me to remain with Signor Pasquali in a corner, feeling the mortification, I can assure you, with sufficient acuteness. Meantime the guests continued to assemble, and after exchanging compliments, divided into groups, and engaged one another in conversation. The ladies were seated on sofas stationed against the walls, which were handsomely hung with damask; cardinals, priests, and prelates standing around them, and conversing with them. Signor Pasquali now

asked me, "What think you, Signor Abbate, of these successors of the apostles? Do you see much resemblance between the house of this Prelate and the house of St. Peter, into which the Lord entered to heal his mother-in-law?" I was embarrassed. One group near us was composed of two prelates and a lady, whose laughter and behaviour were of a highly improper character. We drew back from them; the Waldense pulled me towards some of the other groups, and we remarked that the most edifying conversation we heard was between three elderly priests on politics. Presently were unfolded the doors of another saloon, lighted with wax like the first, but in still greater profusion, and the cardinals, prelates, and priests each hastened to offer their arm to a lady, and lead her in. A handsomely-served table, loaded with delicacies, occupied the centre. There were fish of every description, prepared with the most exquisite taste; sweetmeats, and fruits of all varieties, &c., &c. The ladies alone were permitted to be seated, the priests and prelates standing behind the chairs of those they had escorted, and attending on them.

Dear Eugene,—this spectacle disgusted me. It was Lent, and a fast-day! It is true there was no meat, still I was scandalized by such immoderate luxury. The two Englishmen shared my feelings, and quickly joined us. I was anxious to go away, but the Waldense objected. "I came hither," he said, "to show Mr. Sweetman Rome; and however painful this spectacle may be to myself, I nevertheless wish to see the end, that when Mr. Sweetman returns to England he may be able to describe the *conversazioni* of these pretended successors of the apostles." He then advised us to be silent and take notice.

The ladies were less numerous than the gentlemen :

consequently both priests and laymen were some of them without partners; these, however, appeared to us to be principally such as preferred eating and drinking to ladies' society, since, regardless of Lent or fast-day, they ate voraciously, and bottles of champagne vanished before them.

Two young prelates were paying court to the Princess S. In consequence of some attention, I do not know what, which she paid to one of them, the other grew angry; his eyes sparkled with rage; they exchanged threats, and he who held himself aggrieved, having in his hand the knife with which he had been carving for the Princess, struck his rival a blow which wounded him in the thigh. The Princess screamed and rose; the whole *conversazione* was in commotion, and I do not know how the affair would have ended if Monsignor C., the master of the house, and various cardinals, had not interfered to pacify the combatants. The wounded Prelate was taken home, and Cardinal P., a man of great authority, begged the whole company to preserve absolute silence on the matter, for the honour of his Excellency.*

After this every one returned to the other room, which meantime had undergone some transformation. Card tables were placed here and there, and the ladies and the cardinals first invited to form themselves into sets. To us foreigners, who were unaccustomed to such things, it was a most painful spectacle, to see cardinals, prelates, priests, and ladies seated together • playing at cards; yet I fear, dear Eugene, that

* The quarrel of two Prelates jealous over a Princess, one of whom wounded the other in the thigh, is an historical fact, which happened at an evening party in Rome, in 1847. The author of these Letters can both name the persons concerned and the house where it happened.

cards are the most innocent diversions in which the priests indulge. Mr. Manson was exceedingly distressed. Mr. Sweetman appeared too much astonished to credit what he saw. I was overwhelmed; and Signor Pasquali, in his most frozen manner, inquired of Manson, "What think you *now* of your brethren, the Roman priests?" To Sweetman he said, "You are surprised at this; you shall see what is still worse." And to me, "Now, Signor Abbate, is the time to defend your Church. Are these your champions—the successors of the apostles?" I assure you, dear Eugene, that I felt as if I were in the infernal regions.

We had been seated for a considerable length of time in a corner of the apartment, separated from the rest of the company, when Monsignor C. approached us. We rose to meet him, and directing his conversation to Mr. Sweetman, he asked, "How evening parties were conducted in England?" Mr. Sweetman replied, that such as were given by the clerical body, especially if there were many clergymen present, were very different from this one: and that after taking tea and coffee, the guests engaged in conversation, principally on religious topics; and that finally a chapter in the Bible was often read, accompanied with edifying observations, followed by prayer. "That is the great evil of Protestantism," said the Prelate; "always the Bible—nothing but the Bible; this makes Protestants so obstinate in error." To what degree this proposition might have scandalized the two Englishmen, I cannot tell you, but the Waldense replied, "Pardon me, Monsignor, but is this the manner in which all the ecclesiastical *conversazioni* in Rome are carried on?" "Certainly not," replied the Prelate; "this is an extraordinary occasion." "But, Monsignor, do you

approve of card playing?" said Mr. Sweetman. "There is no harm," answered Monsignor C., "in innocent games; it is better to play at cards than to gamble. All the best priests in Rome pass their evenings in playing cards." After this, Monsignor turned his back on us, and drew near a table where there was some discussion about the game on which he gave his opinion. So sped this wretched evening.

To escape hearing any further observations from the Waldense, I watched my opportunity, and went away alone. It was the first time I had mingled in such society, but I made a resolution that it should also be the last. However persuaded I might be that these disorders were to be imputed to the men, and not to their religion, nevertheless, to see that the dignitaries of the Church could pass their evenings in such a manner, and then, on the morning following this dissipation, say mass, receive confessions, and rebuke those who had committed much minor offences to their own; all this gave me indescribable pain, and suggested to my mind thoughts I was unwilling to nurture. These considerations occupied me the whole night, and prevented me from sleeping. The idea which predominated over all the others was a comparison between the conduct of the heretical Waldense and that of these prelates. "How," said I, "can it be that this Waldense, who has the Gospel always on his lips, and whose actions are in such harmony with that Gospel, is a heretic worthy of our execration, and hereafter to be damned, while prelates whose most innocent diversion is playing cards are true Christians, the successors of the apostles?" To put such thoughts out of my head, I determined to go the next morning and visit the parish priest I mentioned in my last. "Who knows," said I, "but this man may have

some good explanation to give me. At all events, I will try."

Accordingly I went, and was shown into his apartment, where I found him with my three friends, and two other persons, whom I perceived to be the sacristan and sexton. The priest was seated at a table with these latter, and appeared extremely busy. He therefore motioned me to wait a moment. My friends told him who I was, and we sat by in expectation. After having waited some time, Signor Pasquali asked the priest what occupied him so much. He dismissed his attendants, and then joining us, said, "Do you not know that Easter is approaching? I am engaged in making out the state of souls." "What is meant by the state of souls?" inquired Mr. Manson. "It is," he replied, "at once the most tedious and the most interesting department of the cure of souls." My friends being desirous of further detail, he showed us the great book of the State of Souls, and told us, that both in Rome, and all over the Papal States, the parish priest, during Lent, must make the round of all the houses in his parish and register every inhabitant, whether home-born or a foreigner. From these registers he must make two extracts, one for the Police, and the other for the Ecclesiastical Court, retaining the original among his own documents. I then ventured to observe that all this was done in order that the priest might learn who obeyed the requirements of Easter Communion. The priest smiled; then, turning to my friends, "Since," he said, "the Signor Abbato is your friend, I believe that he is also *ours*. My dear Signor Abbate," he continued, "we must not make mysteries with our friends. The pretext is as you have stated it; but not the fact. When we are answering Protestant accusations we put forward such

pretexts as this ; but when we are talking with our friends we must tell the truth as it is. Let me mention," he proceeded, "what particulars we are obliged to register concerning every individual : 1st, Exactly to note down his habitation, the street, the number of the house, the floor or apartment where he dwells ; 2dly, his name, surname, age, and country ; 3dly, his standing as a noble ; or otherwise if a merchant, student, &c. ; 4thly, his condition, whether married, single, or widowed : 5thly, if he is a foreigner to register how long he has lived in Rome, and how long he has lived within the bounds of the parish ; 6thly, where he lived before he came into the parish ; 7thly, what sacraments he has received ; and, as if all this were not sufficient, you see there is a large space left for observations." "And how do you manage with Protestants," asked Signor Pasquali ? "In the same way as with others," replied the priest, "except that in the observations we must enter them Protestants, and we are obliged annually to denounce both to the Ecclesiastical Court and to the police every Protestant within the bounds of our respective parishes. You may easily perceive," he continued, "that all this particularity does not stand for nothing in reference to Easter Communion." "Then the priests of Rome," suggested the Waldense, "are Police Commissioners ?" "Don't degrade us so far," returned the priest, laughing. "No ; we are Police Directors. The police depend on us entirely, and as a proof of it, look here !" So saying, he took from a drawer a large packet of letters, addressed to him by the police, for information about various individuals. "You see," he added, "the Vicariate takes care never to incarcerate any one without first having heard our opinion, and the police, except in the clearest cases,

do not proceed to the imprisonment or condemnation of accused persons without the judgment of the parish priest." "Then I was mistaken," said Signor Pasquali. "I ought not to have called you Police Commissioners ! I ought to have called you spies." The priest looked a little offended by this severe answer of the Waldense, and rising from his seat invited us to follow him to finish our visit to the Secretariate.* "I suppose," he said, "the Signor Abbate is come to go with us." I replied, that this was not the object of my visit, but that I would willingly accompany them. We then went to the office of the Congregation of the Council. "The office I am going to show you," said the priest on our way, "belongs to the Congregation of the Council, established by Pope Pius IV. This Congregation is composed of cardinals, prelates, and the most skilful doctors of Canon Law ; its business is to interpret the decrees of the Council of Trent." We entered. A spacious hall, with a number of tables all round it, at each of which a priest was engaged in writing, walls loaded with shelves full of papers, and a continual stream of comers and goers, proved what a variety of business was transacted in this office. An old priest at the lower end was distributing favours and rescripts to candidates, and taking payment for them, according to custom. We passed on through this first hall, and our guide conducted us to a cabinet, where we found Monsignor the Secretary, whose permission he requested to show us the Archives. They are composed of the Decrees of the Council of Trent and their interpretations, and entirely fill several rooms. Signor Pasquali said smilingly, "I no longer wonder that the Church of Rome calls the Bible obscure, when she can fill so many apartments with the interpreta-

* See Letter IX.

tions of the sayings of a Council called together to explain it after her own fashion." Then drawing near to the Custode, a simple old priest, "Tell me," he said, "are these all the decisions of the Congregation?" "Oh!" replied the old man, "these are but a small part, the older ones are in the General Record Office at the Palazzo Salviati, and the more modern in the Secretary's office; besides every day a hundred new ones are given." "And are all these decisions," inquired Signor Pasquali, "paid for?" "To be sure," replied the Custode, "here we give nothing gratis."

Thence we went to the office of the Congregation of Building, as it is called. "This Congregation," said our guide, "was instituted by Pope Clement the Eighth. Its duty is to watch over the administration of the workshops of St. Peter's, but as this would not employ it sufficiently, it has also other duties." For instance, on our entrance we were witnesses to a fact which pained me to the heart. A priest was disputing with the Secretary on the following subject: He had obtained money from the devout for saying 5,000 masses, and had not said them, and he was now seeking absolution of the Congregation from the obligation of doing so. He was quite in order. This absolution is given to every one, and was not the point in dispute. The question was about the price. The Secretary wished to make him pay one bajocco per mass, according to tariff, which, amounting to a sum of fifty scudi, the priest said he had a right to some reduction, since the number of masses to be excused was great, and he frequently applied for such absolutions, circumstances to be taken into consideration! Such was the state of the question when we retired. I retreated burning with shame, nor was

the parish priest much pleased with the incident. On separating from my friends I returned home, still more abased, still more perplexed than ever.

I only say what I feel, Eugene, in adding, I do not know how all this will end. I pray God to maintain me in the faith, but I find myself vacillating. Do you also pray for me, and believe me, ever yours,

HENRI.

LETTER XII.

THE HOLY WEEK.

Rome, April, 1847.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—The effect of the terrible evening of which I told you in my last, and of the priest's bargain for absolution from his sacrilegious theft, was to plunge me in distracting doubts. My master had long ceased to take notice of me; but the day after this event, when school was over, he called me into his room, where, besides himself, I found two elderly Jesuits. They all three looked exceedingly serious. "My son," said the Professor, addressing himself to me, "it is my duty to warn you that you are in great danger: you would not listen to my advice; you would not bring the Puseyite to us; you would continue your discussions with that heretical Waldense; and, in consequence, your faith is tottering; the Puseyite is becoming a Protestant; and you find yourself on the brink of a fearful precipice, from which, however, there is still time to save you."

You know my temperament is naturally timid and nervous, and this speech alarmed me. Nevertheless, I took courage to say that it was not so much the arguments of the Waldense as what I had seen with my own eyes which disconcerted me. I then related all that Mr. Manson had described to me, what I had witnessed in the Secretariates, also, what the parish priest had told me, and was even imprudent enough to mention his name. "Mere trifles," replied the Father; "these Secretariates are under the regulation of men who may abuse their position, but the principle on which they are based is the illimitable power of the Holy Father, as Vicar of Jesus Christ and successor of the great Apostle St. Peter. You know that the great Faquano teaches that it is not lawful to discuss the actions of the Pope, since all he does is done by the authority of God. You know that Cardinal Zabarella, a most learned theologian, maintains that God and the Pope are one and the same in their decisions: *Deus et Papa faciunt unum consistorium*; and in a certain sense the Pope is even more than God, as he may do in all good conscience unlawful things, which God could not do: *Papa facit quidquid libet, etiam illicita, et est plusquam Deus*; and our own Cardinal Bellarmine teaches, that even if the Pope were to command what is vicious, and prohibit what is virtuous, all true Christians would be bound to believe virtue vice, and vice virtue.* You know that the Fifth Holy Lateran Council, at its sixth session, styled the Pope, *God on earth*, and, at its tenth session, *Saviour of the Church*; these are the doctrines to which a true Catholic must adhere. The abuses of administrators do not prejudice them."

"But, Father," I replied, "they are not abuses of

* Bellarmine, De Romanum Pontefice, lib. iv., ch. 5.

administration but of principle to which I refer. To declare the bones of any dead man, no one knows who, the relics of a saint, to sell indulgences, and to grant absolution from sacrilegious thefts for money, appear to me horrible abuses of principle."

I had spoken with emphasis. The two Jesuits looked at each other mysteriously, but the Professor, without being the least discomposed, coolly rejoined, that he who, with a word, could transform bread into the body of Jesus Christ, could much more easily transform the bones of even a Pagan into the bones of a saint; and that the power of the Pope was illimitable. As to taking payment for indulgences, he said, that the money laid down was not the price of the benefit, which would be worth much more, but an instalment of the meritorious works which must be presented to obtain such a benefit. Observing that I was not convinced by these arguments, one of the two fathers then addressed me, warning me to take care how I approached the Easter Communion in such a state of mind, but advising me after Easter to attend the Exercises at St. Eusebius, in which he promised me great peace of conscience, and meanwhile absolutely forbidding me all further intercourse with my three friends. Sincerely desirous of peace, I promised to attend the Exercises, and to avoid my three friends as much as possible, but said that I could not absolutely promise not to speak to them if I met them. On this, the Professor rising from his seat exclaimed, "If you dare to speak with these heretics once more, you are undone!" and abruptly dismissed me.

Meantime Palm Sunday arrived. I went to St. Peter's to see the Palm branches blessed by the Pope, and mingling with the crowd, I watched the Pope on his throne surrounded by all his Cardinals and Prelates

distribute the palms among his Court and some distinguished foreigners who were admitted to this great honour. The devotion of the latter, who were French and English gentlemen, greatly edified me. They prostrated themselves before his Holiness, and after having kissed his foot, joyfully received from his hand some white olive branches. I was astonished just at this moment by hearing a voice behind me exclaim, "Oh, what a sublime spectacle!" Another replied, "A spectacle of horrible sublimity, the unveiled Mystery of Iniquity! What connexion but an antagonistic one can exist between the moving spectacle which was enacted eighteen hundred years ago at Jerusalem, and what they are engaged in representing here!" I turned to see who were the speakers, and encountered my three friends.

The ceremony of the Palms being over, mass began. Instead of the Gospel, that day three deacons alternately chanted the history of the Passion of Jesus Christ, as given by St. Matthew. One of the deacons represented the Evangelist and sung the narrative, another personified Jesus Christ, and sung all that was spoken by our Lord, the third stood for the multitude and sung all the speeches of the Jews, the Pharisees, Pilate, &c. Mr. Sweetman seemed scandalized. He thought that to chant the history of the Passion of Jesus Christ, and so to represent the persons engaged, was derogatory to the solemnity of the event, and savoured more of a theatre than a church; but Mr. Manson, who appreciated it better, thought it conducive to edification, inasmuch as these outward ceremonies instruct the faithful through their senses. "The chanting of the Gospel," he observed, "is a very ancient custom of the Church." "But can you believe," replied the Waldense, "that St. Peter would have chanted the Gospel?"

All this time the Cardinal and Prelates remained standing. The Pope, however, descended from his throne, and retired to a temporary apartment shut off by damasks in a corner of the church. Every now and then a prelate issued from this apartment to call one or other of the Cardinals, who joined the Pope, and after a little while returned. All this passing to and fro occasioned much distraction, and the Waldense said we had better make our way to the Pope's chamber and see what was going on. We did so, but the Swiss Guards kept us at some distance, forbidding us to stand and look where we wished. We could, however, see that near the damask apartment there was another composed with tapestry, in which ices and all sorts of refreshments were prepared, and we could hear a burst of laughter proceeding from the damasks. We now comprehended the mystery, and looked at one another in astonishment. "Well," said the Waldense, "we know what the Pope is at last. While the Lord's Passion is being chanted in the church he retires to indulge in gluttonous orgies; while every Christian should be weeping at the recital of the sufferings of the Son of God, the self-styled Head of the Church gives way to fits of laughter! Signor Abbate, Mr. Manson, what have you to say to this? Defend, if you have the hardihood to do so, an action I know not how to characterize." We were both too deeply mortified to answer, and I hastily retreated from the Church.

I will say nothing of the agonizing thoughts which this occurrence reawakened in my mind. On Thursday I returned to St. Peter's, to witness the other ceremonies.

After Mass had been said in the chapel, the Pope descended to St. Peter's, and took his seat on his throne. A deacon then chanted the first fifteen verses

of the thirteenth chapter of St. John; and the Pope, rising from his throne and putting on an apron of the finest linen, approached the pilgrims. These are twelve foreign priests of different nations, who represent the twelve apostles. They are clad in oriental costume, wear large white turbans on their heads, and are placed on raised seats, with brazen basins filled with water at their feet. The Pope passes before them, touches their feet as though he were washing them, and then returns to his throne. This is the ceremony of the *Lavanda*.

Another time I should have thought it edifying, but an observation of Signor Pasquali on this occasion led me to view it in a different light. "Is it possible," said he, "that when they cannot cancel the Gospel, they must turn it into ridicule!"

We passed on to witness another ceremony, which also the Waldense termed a comedy, the representation of the Last Supper. In an immense hall in the Vatican, a scaffolding was erected on which a table was spread. Plate, porcelain, flowers, and fruit of every description, gave it an appearance of extraordinary elegance, and ten thousand spectators were witnesses of the meal thus prepared. The twelve oriental-looking priests were seated at the table, and ate with appetite. In due time the Pope presented himself, carrying round a dish of which they partook and then retired. The spectators having nothing more to see retired also. This is the Roman representation of the Lord's Supper. The Waldense turned and said to us with great seriousness, "Do you know what is the true definition of Roman Catholicism? The Gospel profaned by comedy." I considered how it was possible to defend these usages, but to tell you the truth I could not reconcile myself to them. On Friday I revisited St. Peter's.

They chanted the Passion of Jesus Christ according to John, as on the Sunday previous, but the Pope had not yet arrived; he did not come till the conclusion of the performance, after which followed the Adoration of the Cross. The officiating cardinal reverentially places himself on the left side of the altar at the bottom of the steps, the deacon presents him the cross veiled in black, the cardinal uncovers the right arm of the cross, then, raising it before the people, he chants these words, "Behold the wood of the cross; come, and let us adore it;" and the Pope, the cardinals, and the priests, with all the people, prostrate themselves on their knees and adore the cross. The cardinal then ascends the steps of the altar; he uncovers the left arm, and chants in the same manner, but in a louder tone. The second adoration is a little more prolonged. Finally, he goes to the front of the altar, uncovers the whole cross, and repeats the chant in his loudest voice, and the third adoration takes place. Every one now remains kneeling till the cardinal has reached the centre of the church, where he solemnly deposits the cross on a rich carpet, which is placed there for the purpose; then he kneels to the cross, and returns to his place. On this, the choir commences a low chant; the Pope takes off his shoes, descends from his throne, and walks barefoot to adore the cross, before which he prostrates himself. After him, all the cardinals, bishops, and priests in like manner adore the cross barefoot; the people are then admitted. This spectacle deeply moved me. To see the Pope humble himself before the image of the cross of Christ could not but affect a sincere Catholic. Mr. Manson shared my emotion. Pasquali himself appeared perturbed, which led me to imagine that he too was touched by what he saw; and as he went out, I asked him the reason of his perturbation.

"A Christian," he answered me, "must needs be perturbed by such iniquity. In the Romish Church the most serious matters are turned into comedy, and all solemnity is reserved for acts of idolatry." This led us into a discussion on the worship of the cross and of images, which I will reserve for another time in order not to interrupt my narrative.

The Saturday ceremonies are not worth description. They consist of pronouncing a benediction on fire, the Pascal wax, and the baptismal font.

Easter Sunday is celebrated by grand Pontifical rites. The Church of St. Peter is ornamented for the festival; the whole garrison of Rome is paraded in the Piazza; Grenadiers, Swiss Guards, the Civic Guard, the Guard of the Roman Senate, and the Guard of Honour are drawn up in the church, keep a wide passage open for the Papal cortège, and surround the altar and the throne. The sound of military music announces the arrival of the cortège, and the Papal cross, borne by a prelate in the midst of seven golden candlesticks, opens the procession; a long file of prelates dressed in large red cloaks follow; then come five most precious Papal mitres and the triple crown. The cardinals next advance, adorned with the insignia of their order, wearing vestments of silver cloth richly embroidered in gold; at last appears the Pope, borne on men's shoulders in his throne between two immense fans of most valuable feathers. Every one kneels while he passes. "Was this the manner in which St. Peter entered the assembly of the faithful?" asked the Waldense. On reaching the altar, he descends from his portable throne, and ascends a throne on the right of the altar; there he changes his dress to assume his richest pontifical robes, seats himself on the raised

throne in front of the altar, and mass begins. While the choir chants the Kyrie Eleison, the cardinals one by one advance and adore the Pope. According to the Papal Pontifical the Gospel is chanted both in Greek and Latin, but with this difference, that the Latin Gospel is sung by a cardinal and the Greek by a simple deacon; the book of the Latin Gospel is carried amidst seven candelabra, and the book of the Greek Gospel between two only, which is to show forth, according to the doctrine of the Council of Trent, how much superior is the authority of the Vulgate translation to the text of the Bible. I will omit the observations this elicited from the Waldense for brevity's sake: suffice it to say that Mr. Manson himself, though admiring the majesty of these ceremonies, was nevertheless disgusted with them.

But what shocked me beyond expression occurred at the instant of communion. After the Gospel the Pope continued to perform mass at the altar, but placed himself on his throne for the communion. While there he was apprized of the moment when the host was consecrated, and he who had knelt on Friday to adore the image of the cross, only stood in presence of the Sacrament! The Deacon presented the golden chalice to him, and he remained standing while he put a golden pipe to his mouth, and drank the consecrated wine. "Either your Pope disbelieves the real presence of Christ in the Sacrament," said the Waldense, "or if he does believe it, he is that Man of Sin spoken of by St. Paul in the second Epistle to the Thessalonians, who exalts himself above all that is called God."

After mass the cortège was formed anew. The Pope remounted his portable throne, and was conducted to the

balcony to pronounce a benediction on the military and on the immense multitude assembled in the Piazza to the sound of cannon.

Time would fail me to repeat the Waldense's reflections on what we had seen. I must wait for another opportunity. Meanwhile I will confess that I have passed a terrible Easter: my conscience lacerates me, I dare not approach the Easter Communion, and I know not even whether I shall undertake the Spiritual Exercises as the Jesuits desired. In my next letter I will tell you how I have decided. Pray for me, dear Eugene, my state is truly deplorable. Adieu. Ever yours,

HENRI.

LETTER XIII.

THE PRISONS OF THE INQUISITION IN 1849.

Rome, April, 1849.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—After two years' privation and suffering, I am once more restored to the light of day, and to the enjoyment of sweet liberty, which I believed I had lost for ever. And you too, dear Eugene, feared that you had lost your friend, whereas he is doubly found! He is restored to you not only a living man, but set free from all his errors and all his prejudices, a brother in one common Father, and common Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ! What all the arguments of my good friend the Waldense failed to accomplish, Divine grace has effected. Two years' imprisonment in the Inquisition, long and serious

meditation on the truths of the Gospel, and sincere and fervent prayer, have kindled a faith within me of which I formerly was ignorant.

The Lord, whom I sought not, came himself to seek me in my prison, and the good Shepherd led the wandering sheep back to his fold.

I scarcely know where to begin my narrative, I have so many things to tell you. My former experience of your kindness assures me that my arrest, my trial, my sufferings, my conversion, and my deliverance, will be equally interesting to you, so that I should like to state them all at once; but this being impossible, I will begin with my deliverance, and a description of the terrible prisons in which I was confined; a description which will serve to throw light on what I shall hereafter have to say about my trial, but which you must not expect to be stated in poetical, but simply given in my ordinary style.

It was about sunset on the 27th of March, when the sounds of tumult, of a rapidly advancing multitude, and of loud, confused shouts, penetrated the corridor in which my cell was situated. The opening of doors, the cries, threats, and blasphemies which resounded even at this depth, apprized me that something extraordinary was taking place; and as I expected it would prove to be something dreadful, I fell on my knees, betook myself to prayer, and commended my soul to God. While thus employed my door was violently opened. The first person who entered was a man of short stature, whose name I refrain to mention, but who, with great impetuosity, threw himself on my neck, embracing, kissing, and bathing me with the tears which all the time fell from beneath his green spectacles. However, he soon left me to his followers. On recovering from my confusion I found

myself labouring under extreme weakness of limb, the effect of my long confinement. It was with great difficulty that I could walk a few steps. Two men, therefore, supported me in their arms, and conducted me in triumph to the midst of a crowd assembled in the court-yard, who, as soon as they saw me, began to shout for joy and clap their hands, exclaiming, "Liberty of conscience for ever!" I was now taken to an apartment with the other liberated prisoners, where the kind-hearted Roman people, so unlike their priests, were eagerly providing broth, wine, and cordials to recruit our feeble powers. In answer to the inquiry where I should like to be taken, I replied, "That being a foreigner, I had no settled home; but that if they would be kind enough to send me to the parish priest of the Magdalene, he would benevolently receive me." "The friend for whom you inquire," rejoined one of my deliverers, "knew what the priests were before we did. He quitted Rome a long time ago, and with Rome he also abandoned the Romish religion."

On this intimation I could but lift up my eyes to heaven and thank God for having called another labourer to the knowledge of the Gospel! One of the gentlemen present hospitably begged that I would take up my abode at his house. I accepted his invitation, and am still under his roof. Thanks to the solicitude of my host, and the unremitted attention of one of the first physicians, in the course of a few days I was able to go out. This was yesterday, the Fourth of April, the day that the Holy Office was thrown open to the public, in order that they might see what iniquity had been committed within, and my host had begged I would accompany him to the prisons in the capacity of guide.

The exterior of the Roman Inquisition exhibits the most severe and simple architecture, while the solitude which surrounds it, the gigantic edifice of the Vatican which overshadows and oppresses it, the iron doors by which you enter, and the deep silence which reigns within, all combine to terrify the imagination.

The building is composed of two rectangles and an irregular parallelogram united. The first rectangular portion, which abuts on the street, was formerly the palace of the ferocious Michele Ghisliere, afterwards Pius V., the instigator and principal author of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. It was he who gave it to the Inquisition, and, with the exception of the cells, it is appropriated to the Inquisitorial Fathers and their families. The other rectangle was built for the prisoners. We ascended to the first floor. An immense hall led us to two spacious and commodious apartments. One of them belonged to the Father Commissioner and the other to Monsignor the Assessor. The apartments were empty, those gentlemen having secured all the furniture. Following the length of the gallery, we entered the Hall of the terrible Tribunal. A colossal coat of Pius the Fifth's arms faced the lower end. An arm-chair for the Father Commissioner, surmounted by a huge crucifix; an elliptical table with a score of arm-chairs for the Councillors, and a statue of the terrible Gusmano, formed the furniture of the Hall. Thence we proceeded to see the Archives. An inscription in large letters over the door forbade entrance under pain of excommunication, but no one heeded it, and we followed the general example. An immense hall surrounded with shelves piled up with papers, and a quantity of tables with writing materials, principally deserved remark in what is called the Chancery department. Here are preserved all the

modern trials, which begin from the middle of the last century and reach to the present time. Thence we passed to the Library. The whole jurisprudence of the Holy Office, and all works which praise the Inquisition in whatever language they are published, form a portion of this library. Another, and really valuable portion, consists of a complete collection of the works of the Italian Reformers ; works of which the greater part is unknown even to the most learned bibliographers, as they have been entirely suppressed. I had no idea that so many Italians had written in favour of the Gospel. But the most precious treasures of this library are composed of the manuscripts which the Inquisition has found on the pretended heretics whom it has imprisoned, or which it has censured and sequestered. The third part of the Archives consists of ancient trials, beginning from Pius V. There are the famous trials of Luigi Pasquali, of Antonio Paleario, of Carnesecchi, and of many others who were burnt at Rome on account of the Gospel. There lie concealed the horrible plots formed for the massacres of the Valtellina. There are the documents concerning the Gunpowder conspiracy in England, St. Bartholomew's-day in France, and many others, which, if exposed to the light of day, would show the real character of the Papacy.

From the Archives we passed on to another entirely dismantled hall. Two side-doors then admitted us to the apartments of the so-styled Fathers Companion ? We entered that belonging to the second Father Companion, who was well known to me, as the judge who conducted the trials ; I had been many times examined by him, and in this very room. Precisely under the spot where I was on such occasions seated I noticed an open trap-door. We wished to see what it was used

for, and descended a narrow winding-staircase, which conducted us to a recent aperture made in the wall by the Republican Government. We then reached a small subterranean vault like a sepulchre; rich, black, soft earth covered the bottom. From one part, however, it was cleared away, and disclosed half-buried human skeletons. We could not control our emotions at such a spectacle. My host gasped with indignation. I was overwhelmed with horror.

A damp and dark court-yard forms the centre of the second rectangle, which is occupied by the prisons. All round it a row of narrow doors, with heavy iron bars, point out the locality of the older prisons; they are little, low, humid cells, scarcely capable of containing a single person. Beneath these are subterranean dungeons, built with fragments of the ancient Circus of Nero, fragments which seem as though ever destined to be bathed with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus. In one corner of these dungeons there is a stone staircase, descending about thirty steps lower still, down which the unhappy creatures condemned to be walled up were conducted. The corpses found at this depth point out what was the barbarous method of execution employed. They buried their victims as far as their shoulders (their hands being tied behind them) in a mixture of earth and lime; the portcullis was then shut down, and they were left to die of hunger. The convulsive attitudes of the skeletons show the fearful struggles they had endured.

Quitting this infernal den, we proceeded to visit others of the ancient prisons. A short corridor to the left of the above-mentioned courtyard conducted us into a second, even worse than the first. It is divided into three stories, which form sixty terribly contracted cells. In each of these is fixed an enor-

mous iron ring to encircle the body of the prisoner ; in some the ring was built into the wall, in others, into the pavement. In the middle of one of these prisons was a round stone, the Government had had it taken up, and some skeletons were found beneath it ; but none can tell whether the living or the dead had been here interred.

Amidst so many horrors, the half-effaced inscriptions on the walls were a touching sight. One of them read, " The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want ;" another, " The caprice and malice of men avail not to separate me from Thy Church, O Christ ! my only hope ;" another, " Blessed are they who suffer for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

I was worn out with horrors ; however, we passed on to the modern prisons. They are composed of two stories, and each prison has the form of a small oblong cell. They are divided from one another by a long and narrow corridor ; over every door is a crucifix, not wearing the expression of that moving prayer, " Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," but rather one of ferocity and menace. Within every cell a passage of Scripture is inscribed in large letters. These passages are all selected from the threatenings contained in the law and the prophets ; none speak of pardon. That word would be sought in vain in the dictionary of the Inquisition, where no thought of mercy is admitted. Mercy towards heretics is a heresy ! In my prison, for example, was the 6th verse of the 109th Psalm, " Set thou a wicked man over him, and let Satan stand at his right hand." In another was the 17th verse of the same Psalm, " As he loved cursing, so let it come unto him ; as he delighted not in blessing, so let it be far from him." And in another, the 19th verse of the 28th of Deuteronomy,

"Cursed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and cursed shalt thou be when thou goest out;" not to detain you by mentioning others.

It still remained for us to visit the ancient torture-chamber. This is in one of the subterranean dungeons, approached by a narrow stone staircase. The instruments of torture no longer exist, but you see plainly, in a stone imbedded in the wall, the iron ring intended to receive the axle of the wheel; in the centre is the square stone on which the beam was secured for the torture of the cord. Iron rings attached to the vault show the place for administering other tortures. A great chimney in one corner points out the spot for the torture by fire, but this chamber was of late only used as a cellar for storing the bottles of the Reverend Father Inquisitors.

Near the cellar the Republican Government had broken through a wall, which, although of recent structure, had been tinted over with grey earth, to simulate age; though on examination of the stones and cement, it was found to be but just completed. This aperture conducted to a hall, in which were two large ovens, of considerable height, filled with calcined human bones. **WHEN THE INQUISITION COULD NO LONGER BURN ITS VICTIMS PUBLICLY, IT BURNED THEM PRIVATELY IN ITS OWN FURNACES.*** After witnessing such fearful disclosures, we quitted these infernal abodes, to return to them no more.

* The author cannot give ocular testimony to the existence of these furnaces, although nothing that he knows of the Holy Office renders it improbable. He has quoted above from a correspondence published in the year 1849, by the religious journal, *Les Archives Evangeliques*, where an eye-witness of the destruction of the furnaces attests the reality of their existence.

And this, dear Eugene, was the place where your poor friend dragged out two weary years! But there God made use even of the iniquity of the very men whom I had been taught to esteem, to convert me to himself! I am still ignorant what has become of my friends, but I am inclined to believe that the Waldense was also incarcerated by the Holy Office; whether he died in prison, or has regained his liberty, I am unable to learn. My host has, however, promised to institute inquiries concerning his fate. We must await the issue.

I continue undecided where to go; but as long as I remain in Rome you shall hear from me frequently. I should like to narrate to you both the history of my imprisonment, and my conversion. Adieu, my dear Friend.

Believe me,
Ever affectionately yours,
HENRI.

LETTER XIV.

ORGANIZATION OF THE JESUITS AT ROME, AND THEIR
INTRIGUES IN ENGLAND.

Rome, April, 1849.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—You will expect that this letter should contain the account of my imprisonment. If I scrupulously followed the order of events, such would be my present subject; but I feel compelled to unburden my mind of a mystery of iniquity hitherto unrevealed.

What, you will ask, can this mystery of iniquity be? The Inquisition? No, but Jesuitism.

You are aware that, if not by profession, yet in heart and soul, I was formerly a Jesuit. You know that I performed the Exercises of St. Ignatius in the most hearty good faith; but some conversations with Signor Pasquali, of which I have not told you, awakened me to a measure of suspicion with regard to the Jesuits.

My Jesuit confessor was Secretary to the French Father-Assistant, and as he esteemed me much, and accounted me an affiliated* member of the Society, he made many disclosures to me, sometimes employed my services in copying letters, and placed such confidence in me as frequently to leave me alone in his room. I have since endeavoured to fathom the subjects of his correspondence, and though I do not flatter myself that I have entirely succeeded, yet by putting together, in the silence of my prison, the results of my various discoveries, I believe I have it in my power to throw some light on the system of Jesuitism.

I will not enumerate these discoveries in order of time, nor the correspondence in which I was engaged, as it would occupy too much space, but simply give you my deductions.

The fundamental maxim of the Jesuits is expressed in the "Exercises of St. Ignatius:" *All means are indifferent which lead to the desired end.* What, I next asked myself, is the end which the Jesuits propose to attain? They themselves reply, The greater glory of God. This is their motto, but, *nota bene*,

* For the information of those who are unacquainted with the force of the term, we may mention that the Jesuits call those affiliated who, though they have not adopted the habit of the Order, are secretly reckoned among the Company.

they do not say the glory of God, which would be a spiritual aim, but, the *greater* glory of God; and the use of this comparative opens the door to a whole host of explanatory clauses.

For example, the glory of God requires that all men should come to the knowledge of the truth by means of instruction and conviction; but the greater glory of God, according to them, is promoted by constraining all men to think with the Jesuits on pain of ruin. The sequel will enable you to arrive at a clearer comprehension of the atrocity of this principle. To compass their object they practically reason as follows: The salvation of all men contributes to the greater glory of God; but salvation is unattainable without the pale of the Catholic Church; therefore, if we seek the greater glory of God, we must seek to bring all men into the Catholic Church.

All means are indifferent which conduce to such a result. Hence, as ignorance is one means of preserving or increasing Catholicism among the people, it becomes a duty to foster and maintain such ignorance, and a sincere Jesuit sees in the progress of the sciences the downfall of religion. But ignorance must not be openly encouraged, so that the people should perceive the design; it must therefore be promoted under the name of science. And their affiliated members seek to monopolize the office of instruction, that they may involve the sciences in inextricable confusion, and occupy the intellect in vain questions, instead of sound learning. Any youth educated under them, if not affiliated, is persecuted with all their omnipotence as a heretic or a liberal, according to the head under which his country and his books are arranged in the Index. For the same object, superstition has to be conjoined to ignorance. Superstition is evil in

itself, but *the end sanctifies the means*; hence all modern superstitions trace their origin to the Jesuits; and, as there are men who admit nothing in religion unsanctioned by antiquity, they resort to fraud and lying to demonstrate that their inventions of three days' standing have come down from the primitive ages of the Church. Men of learning and sincerity may unveil the imposture, but the Jesuits declare them to be heretics, Jansenists, or Infidels, and persecute them as such.

In Rome, the Jesuits act openly and fearlessly. The whole city is in their hands. For the purposes of education, they have the great Roman College, where more than a thousand youths are under their instruction. They have the German College, where more than a hundred young Germans, Prussians, Hungarians, Bavarians, and Swiss are brought up to become the clergy and bishops of Germany. They have the Irish and Scotch Colleges, for the education of natives of those kingdoms, destined to act as priests or bishops. The English College is directed by merely affiliated members of the Order. They have the College of the Propaganda, where they educate more than three hundred young men from all the countries in the world, whither they send them back affiliated to the Company. They have a College for the nobles, where almost all the young Roman aristocracy are brought up in the principles of Jesuitism, so that a Roman education is almost necessarily a Jesuit education. As for female instruction, it is committed to the well-known female Jesuits, sisters of the Sacred Heart, or of the Good Shepherd.

The students are all obliged to confess to the holy Fathers, and here is the grand engine of the Jesuits. Educated by them, always listening to their sermons

and their instructions, their pupils can refuse nothing to men whom they so highly esteem and respect. The Jesuits have a peculiar method of hearing confessions. They do not confine themselves to the sins of their penitents, but put such numerous questions in so mild and amiable a manner, that they learn from every young person whom they confess, the state of his family, the conduct of his parents, the ways of the house, the persons who frequent it, and the subjects on which they converse; so that an innocent child often finds himself the involuntary accuser of his own parents. This is one of the principal methods employed by the Reverend Fathers to further their secret policy.

But as such means alone would not suffice to compass their ends, they hold in their Church of Jesus a Congregation of Nobles, where all the nobility of Rome are assembled. The Jesuits being its directors and confessors, the nobility fall into their hands. In the same church they have a Congregation of Merchants, into which almost all the merchants of the city are collected, and so they are well informed by means of direction and confession on all commercial affairs. In the Church of St. Ignatius they have a most numerous Congregation called *Prima Primaria*, which includes the greater part of the Roman artisans. In the Church of St. Vitale they have a Congregation of Peasants, which acquaints them with country matters. In the Baths of the Castle of St. Angelo they have a Congregation of Galley-slaves, and thus are in possession of the politics of the galleys. They have established another Congregation in the prisons, through which they rule the prisoners. The Carabineers are intrusted to their direction, and in this manner they are apprised of everything that happens all over the city. In the

Church of Caravita there is a Congregation of Ladies, composed of all the noble ladies of Rome. In the same church is the Congregation of Untitled Women (*semidames*), comprehending the females of unennobled families, besides the Congregation of Missions, which draws many of its members from the most bigoted of the class of artisans, servants, servant-maids, and other young girls.

The Jesuits devote themselves to the confessional, and furnish confessors for every grade in society. Those who are most skilful in ingratiating themselves with the young are appointed to confess children; and those who have mixed with the nobility are appointed to confess the nobles. Thus the Jesuits provide every rank with confessors thoroughly adapted to it, and through their medium become intimately acquainted with them all.

The government of the Order is eminently monarchical. It has a single head, bearing the title of General. As far as I have been able to learn, it directs the world as follows. Every Jesuit is sworn to *blind obedience* to his superior, so that, as the rule expresses it, a Jesuit, in regard to his superior, must resemble a corpse under the surgeon's dissecting-knife. The Jesuit must have no conscience; his conscience is in his superior's keeping, in such sort that, as the rule says, he is bound to obey his superior WHERE HIS ORDERS ARE CLEARLY SINFUL, though, according to Jesuit morality, no one can tell whether calumny, theft, or homicide is CLEARLY SINFUL. The Father-General has divided the different kingdoms of the world into so many provinces under his domination. Great Britain and Ireland, for example, form one province. The whole of France is another of his provinces, and so on with other countries. Switzer-

land is not honoured with the rank of a province, but is united with France or Germany. Each of these provinces has a representative at Rome, called an Assistant. Every individual belonging to the Company is under obligation to give a daily account of all that he has seen, heard, or thought, to a Jesuit termed his Spiritual Father, or to the head of the House or College where he dwells. This functionary must make abstracts of all these accounts, select what appear to him the most important, and send them to the Provincial Father. The Provincial Fathers, having received these Reports, epitomize and dispatch them weekly to the General, who repeats the same process, and refers them to the Pope, at the private audience which he gives him every Thursday evening.

In consequence of these arrangements, even sovereign princes stand in awe of the General. By means of the thread of conscience the whole web of Catholic society is under his immediate control. He concert measures with his Assistants, according to the reports sent in to him. Is it supposed, for example, that it would conduce to the greater glory of God to organize a revolution in such or such a kingdom? The General gives orders to his Assistant in that country, and he transmits them to his subordinates. The Jesuits, scattered over the land, with the obedience of galvanized "*corpses*," speak in the confessional and the pulpit, according to the tenor of their instructions; and the General at Rome might prophesy the event months or years before its accomplishment, did he not fear to betray his intrigues. Thus you may perceive what motives ensure to the Jesuits the protection of kings and cabinets. *A hostile Government is sure eventually to fall before them.*

In countries which do not recognise the Order, the

General perhaps possesses even greater influence. The Jesuits, in these circumstances, occupy the position of missionaries, or are disguised under some other name. To such a land the General despatches his most astute agents to carry on his designs by every kind of pretext; and though they dare not declare themselves Jesuits, they procure persons to associate voluntarily in these designs, who know nothing of the Company.

My confessor, of whom you have frequently heard, one day, when he was in a more cordial vein than usual, disclosed to me incredible facts concerning Jesuitism in England. For example, that despite all the persecution they have met with they have not abandoned England, *where there are a greater number of Jesuits than in Italy*; that there are Jesuits in all classes of society; in Parliament; among the English clergy; among the Protestant laity even in the higher stations. I could not comprehend how a Jesuit could be a Protestant priest, or how a Protestant priest could be a Jesuit; but my confessor silenced my scruples by telling me, *omnia munda mundis*, and that St. Paul became as a Jew that he might save the Jews; it was no wonder, therefore, if a Jesuit should feign himself a Protestant, for the conversion of Protestants. But pay attention, I entreat you, to my discoveries concerning the nature of the religious movement in England termed Puseyism.

The English clergy were formerly too much attached to their articles of faith to be shaken from them. You might have employed in vain all the machines set in motion by Bossuet and the Jansenists of France to reunite them to the Romish Church; and so the Jesuits of England tried another plan. This was to demonstrate from history and ecclesiastical antiquity

the legitimacy of the usages of the English Church, whence, through the exertions of the Jesuits concealed among its clergy, might arise a studious attention to Christian antiquity. This was designed to occupy the clergy in long, laborious, and abstruse investigation, and to alienate them from their Bibles. While the study of such works as Bingham's "Ecclesiastical Antiquity" was recommended in England, the Pope of Rome, advised by the Jesuits, was selecting his ablest champions, and distributing among them sees and preferments, that they might have leisure for the study of Christian antiquity; and as documents abound in Rome, the Roman theologians were able to avail themselves of all the advantages they afford for altering and falsifying. Arringhi and Mamacchi, and a host of inferior names, soon brought out, in Rome, their "Christian Antiquities;" and the Jesuits in England, meantime, urged on the clergy to the same study, and led them to be desirous of visiting Rome, and judging with their own eyes. The Jesuits in Rome took good care not to convert their guests; they wished to use them as so many apostles; and thus the Jesuits of Rome and England united in spurring a large portion of the English clergy in the direction of the sect, now designated as Puseyism. And much money and much pains has this said Puseyism cost them! Such were the revelations of my confessor.

The amount of my discoveries respecting their tactics in Protestant countries, is as follows. They preach and practise a Catholicism much less tinged with superstition than is the case in Catholic countries, and which there would be accounted heresy. They admit the letter of Scripture as of higher authority than the decrees of Popes and Councils, in order to be able to accuse those Protestants of falsehood who assert the

contrary in controversy. They insinuate themselves among the people by means of charitable deeds instead of the confessional. They spare no sacrifice to attain the friendship of the great and powerful, and, if circumstances favour it, seek to render themselves necessary to the latter. One special means of aggrandizing themselves in Protestant countries is by skilfully and secretly *exciting disturbances*. They will form, for example, two Protestant parties in the State, the Parliament, or the Government. The Jesuits and the Romanists under their direction will remain neutral, while they cautiously sound the heads of the two parties, and they then throw themselves, *en masse*, into the scale of that party which makes the largest promises. They now identify themselves for a time with the party which has triumphed with their assistance, in order to crush its antagonists; after effecting which they turn round on the faction they have joined, and at last remain masters of the field.

But, you will exclaim, Is it possible that they nurture iniquity like this? Are they men or devils? So much wickedness can only be perpetrated for the sake of some great end, and what end have they in view? These intrigues cannot be carried on without immense resources. Where have they such riches? These are not questions to be replied to in a word, but my next letter shall be devoted to answer them. Meanwhile I still continue in Rome, and intend to remain till I obtain tidings of Signor Pasquali. I may then be able to tell you where I think of establishing myself.

Believe me, yours most affectionately,

HENRI.

LETTER XV.

THE JESUITS AT ROME IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY :
THEIR INFLUENCE, THEIR MORALITY, AND THEIR
WEALTH.

Rome, April, 1849.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—My last letter gave you a general idea of the Jesuits. I have now to add some explanations concerning their influence, their morality, and their wealth.

He would be much mistaken who should endeavour to form his judgment of the present race of Jesuits from the assertions of the writers of the two last centuries respecting Jesuitism. The Jesuitism of former times proclaimed open war with the Gospel and with society, while modern Jesuitism resembles a contagious malady, not the less dangerous in consequence of the mystery attending its movements. The Jesuitism of the past played the part of a conqueror in broad daylight: the Jesuitism of the present acts with the caution of an assassin. Jesuits are no longer the confessors of princes, that would be a post of considerable importance; nor do we find them preachers at courts; neither sermons nor the confessional act as they used, through the mind of the Sovereign on the destiny of his subjects. In order to repel the charges of their opponents, and to show that their real character is the opposite of that which has been attributed to them, they have adopted other means for the regulation of religion and society, such as I have indicated.

But what object, you will ask me, have the Jesuits in view? If you applied to them, they would tell you the

greater glory of God. If, however, you looked to facts for a response, you could only conclude it to be **THE ACQUIREMENT OF IMMODERATE POWER**. To render themselves necessary to the Pope and to despotic Governments, to rule the Pope, and through him the whole Romish Church, and thus erect their dominion over all the world, is the real aim which these Reverend Fathers propose to themselves. Hence Popery and Jesuitism, Jesuitism and Despotism, are inseparable. The Gallican Church, and its Jansenist members, were facts of former times. They have now disappeared, and it is impossible to be a good Catholic without being a Jesuit also.

All means are held to be indifferent to compass the desired end ; this is their favourite maxim. Hence, in order to subjugate men's intellects, they enfeeble them, and, under the pretext of instruction, fill young minds with prejudices which serve to shut them up in a species of ignorance which assumes the appearance of science. In order to render themselves dominant over religion, they have reduced it to superstition and materialism. They call themselves followers of Jesus ; not to conform themselves to his example, but rather to model it on theirs ; so that whatever book you open on the list of those designed by the Jesuits to nourish, as they call it, the religion of their followers, you will find, instead of the Jesus of the Gospel, one whom they assimilate to their own notions. From the same motive, they have invented a whole host of modern superstitions, and degraded religion into a false material worship, entirely abolishing the worship in spirit and in truth required by the Gospel.

As I have said, they seek supremacy in the political world. All means are good which contribute to this object. In order, therefore, to obtain influence in

Courts, they do not now preach, like St. Peter and St. Paul, submission to the powers that be, but assuming the Catholic religion to be represented in their persons, they preach in their confessionals, their pulpits, and their schools, that he is the best of Princes who shows them most favour; while if a Government be indisposed towards the Reverend Fathers, it is denounced as heretical, and they lose no opportunity of circulating insinuations to its discredit.

Pio Nono, during the short period when he did not seem to encourage the Jesuits, was, according to them, a semi-heretic, an intruder, for whose conversion they offered public prayers. If a Sovereign does not favour the Jesuits, he is certain to have a revolution in his kingdom. They intimate that it is not obligatory to submit to an irreligious Sovereign, and, perverting the passage which commands us to obey God rather than man, put *themselves* in God's stead, and then excite disaffection and revolt. Even should the monarch be beloved by his subjects on account of his good qualities, the Reverend Fathers are not discouraged, but take occasion to prove that these very good qualities, like the enchanting voice of a syren which lures men to destruction, form a snare of the devil and irreligious men to rob souls of the precious treasure of a religion handed down from their forefathers; and they are so skilful, both in speech and action, that, supposing the case of a Sovereign sincerely desirous of the welfare of his subjects, he is constrained to suppress his benevolent dispositions in order to avoid a bloody revolution. But if he have, notwithstanding all their efforts, influence enough over his people to retain their affections, then they compass their end by stirring up disorders and counter-revolutions; so that the Sovereign or Govern-

ment in question is once more forced into the old paths of rigour and despotism. Count Rossi was the only man in Rome capable of maintaining the law: his assassination has been attributed to the Liberal party; but all men of sense in Rome are persuaded that it was a secret manœuvre of the Jesuits to involve the city in a bloody revolution.

If Rossi was murdered, he was not the only victim. Cardinal Antonelli, an affiliated Jesuit, ordered the Swiss guard to fire on an unarmed concourse, assembled to demand a new Ministry from the Pope. The infernal attempt succeeded, and then the Jesuit party induced the Pope to abandon Rome, by filling his mind with imaginary terrors, that their aims might be accomplished, and the city given up to anarchy. They are thus once more dominant over the Pope, and are everywhere pursuing a similar course. Universal dominion is the end at which they aim, the means necessary for its attainment are alike indifferent to them. Hence a country, in which the Jesuits exist and flourish, is on the high road to ruin.

But you will be desirous to hear in what manner the Jesuits procure their immense wealth. Their riches are devoted to the greater glory of God; it does not, therefore, signify how they come by them. All that Gospel morality would reprobate as robbery, rapine, fraud, or theft, is sanctified in their eyes by the end proposed. One of the means they employ is the hypocritical exterior of poverty, which throws dust in the eyes of the simple. A Jesuit never wants anything without his desire being instantly gratified; no prince can command such luxuries as they can. The most magnificent libraries, museums, and observatories, the noblest triumphs of art, are to be found in the houses of the Jesuits. Their tables, without the appearance of

ostentation, are daily better served than most gentlemen's; their outward poverty is but assumed to excite the compassion of the uninitiated. They carry on the fraud by aid of another species of hypocrisy. Their Houses profess to have no revenues, but to be maintained on alms. That is to say, their revenues are not entered to the account of Jesuit Houses, but of Infirmaries for the maintenance of their sick members; and under this pretext, they possess an income exceeding their expenditure. Meanwhile, to disseminate among the people a notion that their Houses can have no revenues, they go begging about the city, and still further enrich themselves by the alms out of which they cheat its inhabitants. They collect for their Church, and under one pretext or another, accumulate immense sums of money. It is not many years since they embellished the high altar of their Church at Rome, and, for this object alone, obtained contributions to the amount of 100,000 Roman scudi.

Foreign and particularly Protestant countries furnish them with another method of enriching themselves. The Jesuits in Rome educate a number of youths of various nations; this affords a pretext for covert demands on those countries for the education of missionaries. My Father Confessor has told me that England alone sent thousands of pounds for this object annually to Rome.

Exclusive of what they call the Propagation of the Faith, of which Lyons is the centre, the millions they every year collect, are directed, as you are aware, to promote Jesuitism wherever it is not yet ascendant.

Another source of wealth arises from benefactions and legacies. If a rich man is confessed by a Jesuit, he does not escape without paying dearly enough for his absolution. Not that the Jesuit would exactly say,

"Give me money, or I will not absolve you:" there would be no roguery in this; but he begins by expatiating on the obligation of charity. So far good. Next, perverting that passage of the Gospel that our left hand should not know what our right hand doeth, he insinuates that the truest charity is exercised through religious persons, without publishing the name of the donor; and finally torturing another passage, in which our Lord commends the woman who anointed him from the alabaster box of ointment, he demonstrates that the purest almsgiving is that which is done to Jesus himself, meaning his own Order, which thus attracts further large sums,

If they confess a man who has made fraudulent profits, abusing the parable of the unjust steward, they exhort him to make to himself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when he fails they may receive him "into everlasting habitations" (Luke xvi. 9), and so they insinuate the propriety of giving over these unjust gains to the Virgin and the saints, to make friends of them, that they may receive him into heaven. By the dying beds of the wealthy they proclaim, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter the kingdom of heaven!" and, when they have excited a sufficient degree of alarm, insinuate that the only way of salvation is to have treasure in heaven; again abusing the saying of the Gospel, "Where the treasure is the heart will be also," till the dying man, understanding that a stroke of his pen will open heaven, subscribes his will in favour of the Reverend Fathers.

Such are some of the commonest and best known of the innumerable methods by which the Order replenishes its coffers. But they make use of other methods to maintain their reputation with the simple-minded populace. They affect austere morality and devoted

piety, and their external conduct is certainly correct. You never hear of such irregularities in them as you do in the other priests and friars. You never see in their convents the disorders which take place in other religious houses; if you did, there would be no one to take their part. While, however, they make a display of austerity, they never scruple to commit all the iniquity I have detailed to you, as means to an end, and therefore lawful; but corruption of manners would postpone its attainment, and would be therefore wicked. Hence the grand axis on which Jesuit morality turns might be defined as SELF-INTEREST. But as they cannot compel all who are under their direction to practise rigid morality, according to this principle, they have a scale adapted to every class and disposition. I will not detain you by repeating here what the celebrated Pascal has so eloquently advanced in his "Provincial Letters;" but I can assure you that the staple of their morality is everywhere the same, although it may be more or less carried out according to circumstances.

They also affect much devotion, and insinuate their attainments in piety to their penitents; but, in truth, their whole religion consists in a wretched superstition. They endeavour entirely to destroy the Gospel. The Gospel clearly affirms that strait is the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life; while all their efforts are directed to smooth the way and widen the gate. The Gospel declares that few there be that find it; while the whole study of the Jesuits is to present a religion in which it is impossible to fail of salvation. Hence they have invented *Mariolatry*, and are continually preaching and printing that it is impossible for Mary's devotees to be lost. They may be as wicked as they please while they live; Mary will convert

them when on the point of death. Hence they have established a devotion to be paid to their saint, Francis Xavier, and have invented a new revelation, according to which God has promised to grant whatever they ask, to such as practise this devotion, even once in their lives. In consequence, on the appointed days, you may see the Church of the Jesuits crowded with the dregs of society, seeking the grace of salvation, while they are living in the commission of all kinds of iniquity; and the Jesuits there, in the name of God and of St. Francis Xavier, assuring them that they have obtained it. It would be an endless task to detail all the iniquities of Jesuitism; but my paper is filled, and compels me to conclude. These few hints will suffice to give you some slight idea of the system. In my next, I will relate the history of my imprisonment. Adieu.

Believe me, your affectionate friend,

HENRI.

LETTER XVI.

PROCEEDINGS BEFORE THE INQUISITION AT ROME
IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Rome, May, 1849.

DEAR EUGENE,—The city is besieged by the troops of France. If I wished to discuss politics, now would be my opportunity. But my mind is made up to let politics alone. Do not, therefore, expect a word from me about plans of attack or defence, proclamations or popular movements; you can learn all these from the

newspapers. I shall only say that I am still in Rome, where I shortly expect to be joined by my dear friend, Signor Pasquali, who has been travelling with his two companions, and is about to accompany them to England. I hope to make one of their party.

I promised in my last to give you some account of my imprisonment, and proceed to redeem my word.

It was on Easter Monday, the 9th of April, 1847, about nine o'clock in the evening, when two men presented themselves in my apartment. One of them, tall and strongly built, shut the door behind him, and stationed himself close to it. The other, of small stature, rather advanced in age, and with a sinister expression, approached me, and inquired, with a low bow, if I were the Signor Abbate Enrico N——a? I replied in the affirmative. "If so," said he of the gloomy countenance, "you will do us the favour to accompany us. Fear nothing. We are two gallant gentlemen; you shall have fair play; and the Holy Tribunal is merciful." At the sound of the Holy Tribunal, I felt the light forsake my eyes, my knees shook, I fell back in my chair, and a cold sweat chilled my whole frame. The speaker continued; but an indistinct sound was all that reached my ears. In a few minutes I was conscious of the entrance of the Superior of the Convent, who, pale and trembling, received orders from my interrogator to seal up my room, in the name of the Holy Office, to consign the seal to his care, and to become responsible to the Inquisition that nothing should be removed.

The two men, each taking me by the arm, and endeavouring to encourage me with words of pretended kindness, now led me away. As soon as we had passed the threshold, the Superior affixed the convent seal to my door, and then delivered it up to the man

who had demanded it. I was placed in a carriage to be conveyed to my destination. No sooner were we alone in the carriage than my conductors exhibited themselves in their true colours. For the honeyed words they had employed in presence of the Superior, they substituted the grossest and most cruel insults, which it gives me so much pain to remember that I pass them by in silence. However, they roused me from my dejection; but as I perceived I was in the custody of two vile bullies, I maintained a dignified reserve. The stopping of the carriage announced to me that I had reached my destination. A ferocious-looking man opened the door, and one of my companions got out. I was ordered to follow, and consigned to the jailer, who, grasping my wrist in his herculean hand, conducted me to prison.

I had hardly entered it, when a Dominican friar of athletic proportions presented himself, accompanied by a priest with pens and paper. My conductor recounted the history of my arrest, which the priest wrote down, and also gave up the convent seal which had been affixed to my room. I was then stripped naked, to ascertain whether I had about my clothes or person anything which it might concern the Inquisition to know. They took away the little money in my possession, my penknife, my shoestrings, my collar, my handkerchiefs, and, finally, my braces. These proceedings struck me as exceedingly barbarous, and I complained of them to the Dominican, who was present. He replied, with hypocritical mildness, that they would be restored to me if I conducted myself well, but that charity obliged them to deprive me of everything that might afford the means of suicide.

During this disgusting operation, I had time to observe my prison. It was a small square room, like

a convent cell. In one corner was a bag of straw, and in another a red pitcher and an earthen vessel, which, with a wooden stool and a small table fixed to the wall, formed the whole furniture of my prison.

When all was ended, the Dominican turned to the jailer, and said in a solemn tone, "This prisoner is committed to you, and you must give account of him to the Holy Tribunal." The jailer made a profound obeisance; then they all went out. I heard them draw the bolts after them, and remained standing alone in my prison.

I cannot tell you, dear Eugene, the tumult of thought with which that moment overwhelmed me. I only remember that a heavy hand pressed like an incubus upon my heart, and would not let me breathe freely. How long I remained in this condition, I do not know, but I shall never forget the first idea which relieved me from my paroxysm of distress. It was not I that sought the Lord, but the Lord that sought me. Those words of the Gospel came into my mind, that Jesus was sent to preach good tidings to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to proclaim deliverance to the captives, and to set at liberty them that are bruised. These words were balm to my grief, and I fell on my knees, shed a torrent of tears, and poured out my whole heart in prayer. After this, I felt relieved, and having groped for my bed of straw, threw myself down, and slept tranquilly till morning.

My prison faced the east. At an early hour a sun-beam glanced in my eyes, and awakened me. How terrible is the first awakening of a prisoner. How vividly he realizes the horror of his situation: how highly he estimates the liberty he has lost! I began to walk up and down my prison, but it was only three

paces long, and the continual turning and re-turning produced such giddiness of head that I was obliged to give up the attempt. I wished to open the window to breathe a little pure air, but it was too high; I could by no means reach it. So I waited impatiently for my jailer, and every quarter of an hour, of which St. Peter's clock warned me, seemed an age. Still, no sound was to be heard throughout the edifice. It struck noon, but I could perceive nothing to intimate that I was in an abode of the living. Faintness, sorrow, solitude, and hunger so worked on my imagination, that I believed I was shut up to die of famine. But soon after twelve had resounded from St. Peter's, I distinguished the jingling of keys in the corridor, I heard my door unlocked, and saw my jailer enter my cell with a basket. It was my dinner. A little wretched broth, containing about three ounces of stewed meat, in a leaden porringer, and a piece of black bread, weighing about twelve ounces, was my whole repast. Neither spoon nor fork, knife nor tumbler, plates nor table-linen was allowed. Such articles would have been luxuries unfit for the prisoners of the Inquisition. The jailer put down my provision, and saying, "You will see me again to-morrow," turned his back, and left me alone.

In this manner passed seven unspeakably weary days, during which I only saw the jailer's ferocious visage once in the twenty-four hours. On the eighth day I begged to see some one of the Reverend Father Inquisitors. The jailer, relaxing into a smile, made merry at my boldness in asking for one of the Fathers. "The Fathers," said he, "are not the prisoners' servants. When they want one of them, they send for him; but it is not for you to send for them." I then

said, that my reason for making such a request was to beg permission to change my prison, as I was sure I could not live if I were always to breathe so stifling an atmosphere, and that I also desired leave to help pass my dreary days with reading. "As to changing your prison," replied the jailer, "it is out of the question; but as to books, I can furnish you with them, and with other conveniences, if you like."

I was at a loss to reconcile this proposal from the jailer with his savage aspect, and with what I had always heard of the severity of the Inquisition, and remained silent from surprise. The jailer, perceiving my astonishment, explained his offer. "Do not think," said he, "that we jailers are as bad as they make us out, nor that the Inquisition is as cruel as busybodies say: the Reverend Fathers can authorize no indulgence to the prisoners that would be against the rules of the Holy Tribunal; but they put confidence in us jailers, knowing that we are honest men; and we do all we can to oblige the prisoners, within the limits of our fidelity. You have, therefore, only to give your orders, and I will bring you whatever you wish, provided you signify to the Rev. Notary that I am to be paid out of your property." At that time I restricted myself to two requests: first, that he would open my little window in the morning, and secondly, that he would supply me with some book. Accordingly, early next morning he made his appearance, with a great book under his arm, put it on my table, opened the window, and went away. I seemed to receive new life on breathing a little fresh air. I raised myself from my couch and seized the book. It was the "Book of Legends!" I could almost have thrown it aside, but for my avidity for something to beguile the idle hours.

But the perusal of these apocryphal stories so aroused my indignation, that after three days I begged the jailer to change my book and get me a Bible. "A Bible!" he exclaimed, taking a step back in horror, and opening both his eyes like one possessed. "A Bible! That would be enough to tempt the devil to the Holy Office." In order to understand this expression, you must be aware that there is circulated among the turnkeys of the Inquisition, as well as among the populace of Rome, a tradition recognised and fostered by the priests, that the prisoners in the Holy Office have frequent intercourse and conversation on purely religious matters with the Evil Spirit, who is to be seen traversing the prison corridors in a clerical form and dress; for which reason the ignorant and superstitious jailers take pains to fasten crosses and images of the saints in the corridors and prisons, and to keep all heretical books at a distance, which latter, they think, would neutralize the effect of the former. Instead of the Bible, the jailer proposed to bring me some plays and romances, of which, he said, he had a library full at his disposal. I agreed for some other books of his selection, but refused the novels and plays. He then brought me "Segneri's Sermons."

I groaned a whole month in prison without seeing any one besides the gloomy-looking jailer. One morning, on coming in, he handed me a paper: it was my bill. For having opened my window, slightly cleansed my room, and allowed me to read a few books, for twenty days, he charged me six scudi. I signed the account, that the Rev. Notary might pay it. Money can do no more to mitigate the rigours of the Inquisition! Three months from the period of my imprisonment I was called to undergo my first examination,

and from that moment I may date the commencement of my series of sufferings. Another day I will tell you all.

Believe me, your affectionate,

HENRI.

LETTER XVII.

THE INQUISITION AT ROME AND ITS CRUELITIES IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Rome, May, 1849.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—I pined fifty days in that living tomb, without seeing any human countenance but the gloomy visage of my jailer, who after having relieved me of the little money in my possession, heaped on me all the insults in his power. One morning, however, I heard my door open at an unusual hour; and for the first time my cell was swept, and perfumed with laurel berries, which they burned to move the *malaria*. Then my wooden stool was taken away, and two chairs were substituted.

The occasion of these decencies was a proposed visit which was mysteriously announced to me by the jailer. You may imagine the consolation the intimation afforded me, but all my endeavours to learn from the lips of my tormentor whom I was to expect, proved fruitless. I waited with great anxiety, running over in my mind a thousand different individuals, when about ten o'clock in the morning I heard my prison door once more unlock, and the jailer's spiteful voice announce the presence of the Abbate Palotta.

The Abbate Palotta is a man who enjoys a reputation for sanctity at Rome. Of small stature, a slight and emaciated figure, bald-headed, and wearing a coarse cloth garment reaching to his feet, his appearance inspires the common people with veneration. He was commissioned to convert me, and had hardly entered my prison when he drew out a book, a crucifix, and a violet stole; then he produced from his sleeve a brass image of the Virgin in bas-relief. He put on the stole, laid the other things on the table, and prostrated himself in prayer before the image. In a few minutes he seated himself, and invited me to kneel before him for confession. I replied that God alone forgave sins, and I therefore confessed to him alone. On hearing this, the Abbate started up in affright, and told me I was possessed by a devil, but that he would exorcise me. "Those," I replied, "are possessed by the Devil who barbarously persecute the innocent. If you wish to try your power of exorcism, go and do so upon the Father Inquisitors and their jailers." These words seemed to affect him like a thunderbolt. He fell on his knees, drew an iron scourge from his pocket, and setting I know not what contrivance in motion, in a moment divested his shoulders of his cassock, and began to flagellate them, meanwhile crying out, "Lord, have mercy!" This proceeding discomposed me extremely. I did not know what to make of the man. I was stupified for some instants, but it made me shudder so much to see the blood flowing down his back, that I threw myself upon him, and violently snatched the scourge out of his hands. I could have wished for Signor Pasquali, that his *sangfroid* and biblical knowledge might have convinced my visitor of his religious fanaticism. But, regaining his feet; "My son," said he, "do you tremble at these few strokes of the

scourge? Think what will be the torments of hell, which are prepared for you if you continue to refuse God's offered pardon!" A discussion then arose between us about the conditions on which God grants the pardon of sin. I will not detail it to you, but simply mention that, during the half-hour it lasted, his only replies to my quotations from the Bible were prayers to the Virgin whose image he frequently kissed, that she would deliver me from the power of the Devil. He wanted me to kiss the idol, and prostrate myself before it; and on receiving an absolute refusal, again threw himself on his knees, and would have resumed the discipline, but I would not permit it, on which he left me, saying, "This sort goeth not out but by prayer and fasting."

The scene with this poor man disturbed me. I spent the whole day in harassing doubts and difficulties. When the jailer returned he was accompanied by a priest, who sprinkled my prison all over with holy water, and threw a quantity of it over my person, the chairs were taken away, and I was only allowed a morsel of black bread instead of my accustomed dinner, while the jailer seemed terror-struck every time he entered my cell, and neither addressed me nor answered my questions as usual. In this manner nine days passed over me. On the tenth I was called up to be examined. As they conducted me into the chamber of examination I recognised the same Dominican Father who had come into my prison on the evening of my arrival. He was seated in a large arm-chair before a table, on the left hand side of which a notary was writing; on the right there stood a great black crucifix, and a piece of pasteboard, inscribed with the beginning of St. John's Gospel, lay in the middle. I stood with the jailer to my left, a little behind me, till

by the command of the presiding Judge I had sworn on the Gospel to speak the truth, after which I was permitted to be seated on a wooden stool.

The preliminary interrogations concerning my name, surname, country, profession, &c. over, I was asked if I knew why I was a prisoner in the Holy Tribunal. I replied, that I did not know. But it will be better and clearer to give the questions and answers in the order they were asked and replied to.

Dominican. Have you the least idea why you are in these prisons?

N. (myself). Because the Jesuit Father P. threatened me with the Holy Office if I did not leave off holding conversations with some Protestants, and I take it for granted he is my accuser.

D. Who were the Protestants with whom you conversed?

I then mentioned the names and countries of my three friends.

D. What was your subject of discourse?

I repeated what I remembered of our conversations.

D. What are your sentiments on these subjects?

N. Of these I am only bound to give account to God. I do not think this Tribunal has any right to sit in judgment on my private opinions.

D. You are bound by oath to answer all my questions truly. I admonish you that you will be guilty of perjury if you do not reply to this one.

I then perceived the trap which they had laid for me, when I was sworn. I paused for a moment in perplexity as to the validity of a forced oath; but finally answered, "Not by fear of punishment, but by love of truth, I am impelled to reply to you. I believe all that is taught in the Word of God, neither can

syllable more nor one syllable less." A diabolical sneer sat on the friar's livid countenance as he pursued his interrogations.

D. Have you made known these opinions to any one?

N. To my confessor.

D. Who was your confessor?

N. The Jesuit Father M.

D. What did he say?

N. I cannot exactly remember; but I know that his answers did not convince me.

D. Why did they not convince you?

N. Because they were not founded on the Word of God.

D. What do you understand by the Word of God?

N. The canonical books of the Old and New Testaments.

D. To how many persons have you spoken of these things?

N. I have already told you, to none but my confessor.

D. Will you swear this?

N. I will not swear. (I remembered the entanglement of the former oath.)

The Judge then observed that he charitably warned me that to refuse an oath was a proof that I had not told the truth; besides, the Holy Tribunal was in possession of the evidence of my falsehood. On which I said that I did not wish to swear anything further, that an oath could not be administered to an accused person, that leading questions were put to me, and that if I were not asked regular questions, I would not reply at all. In fact, I did not answer any further interrogations. After having uselessly endeavoured to make me do so, the Judge turned to the jailer and said, "This

man is recommended to your charity." The latter then desired me to follow him. Instead of reconducting me to my prison, he took me to a narrow cell at the top of the edifice, called the Chamber of Trial, as it has been substituted for corporeal torture. It was excessively small, situated immediately under the roof, and lighted by a centre dormer window with a southern aspect, which was guarded by iron bars, preventing any approach, either to breathe a little air, or open the glass. This prison was insupportable in the excessive heat of July. I seemed to be in a furnace. After sunset it grew if possible still more insufferable, owing to the caloric pent up within, and I then experienced all the injurious influence of the corrupt mephitic air occasioned by the intense heat and the exhalations from a vessel which my jailer said he had instructions to cleanse once in three days and no oftener. Added to all this I was no longer allowed water at discretion as formerly, but once a-day was furnished with a stinted quantity, which I swallowed at a draught, and which left me more thirsty than ever. I would rather have suffered the torture of the rack, than this horrible protracted exposure to hunger, thirst, heat, and pestilential air. Sentiments of rage and hatred against my persecutors rose within my breast. I was even impelled to break my head against the wall, but God restrained me from such a crime. I no longer prayed, I no longer believed. The anguish I endured had sapped all my powers, and by the fourth day I was reduced to such a state of inanition, that the four walls of my prison seemed to turn around me, and I knew not where I was.

In this condition I was once more conducted to the Chamber of Examination. I remember nothing that was said or done, but I know that I was examined

while suffering as I have described ; I was then taken back to my former prison, which I thought a kingdom, and allowed my former fare.

When some days had elapsed, and I had a little recovered my strength, I received a visit from Father Theiner, of the Congregation of San Filippo Neri. He was formerly a Protestant, but had become a Romanist, and is reputed one of their best theologians. He is employed in the Inquisition to convince such as may lie there accused of heresy, and if he cannot do this he endeavours by means of promises or threats to extort a retraction from their lips, every instance of success being a step towards the attainment of the Cardinal's hat he so fervently desires. I allowed him to talk for some time without interrupting him, meanwhile it occurred to me to make use of a stratagem to procure a Bible. So I appeared docile, and ready to enter into discussion upon the controverted points, but said that I should like to ask the favour of a Bible, that I might refresh my memory on the disputable passages, as I thought them, and be better prepared to listen to the explanations his Reverence might give.

Father Theiner seemed satisfied, and told me he would speak to the Father Commissioner ; and, in fact, in the course of an hour, the jailer furnished me with a Latin Bible, an inkstand, a pen, and four sheets of paper. Of the latter he told me I should have to render account, and I must be careful not to destroy the least morsel.

I could hardly refrain from leaping for joy to see myself in possession of my much-desired Bible, to say nothing of pen and paper. As soon as the jailer had left me, I eagerly opened it, and my eye fell upon the words, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me ; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good

tidings unto the meek ; he hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." (Isaiah lxi. 1.) Immediately on reading these verses I seemed to experience the power of God fulfilling within me what I had read of. The prison no longer felt like a prison, the solitude which had so much distressed me now constituted my happiness. I fell down to thank my God, I prayed, and was comforted.

From that moment new life sprung up within me. I felt my sufferings no more. God was with me, and I did not fear what further man could do. To-morrow I will tell you what further befel me with my Bible. Meanwhile, believe me,

Ever yours,

HENRI.

LETTER XVIII.

HENRI'S CONVERSION.

Rome, May, 1849.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—The comfort I derived from finding myself once more possessed of a Bible, was greater than I can express ! I hastened to devour it, and during the rest of that day read through the five books of Moses, but on the whole to little profit, as I read on without reflecting. At night I meditated in my solitude on what I had been perusing, but my mind was quite confused. The next morning I rose at break of day to continue my studies. I told you that the Bible they had given me was the Latin Vulgate. It was a quarto Venetian Edition, printed in 1773, by Nicholas

Pezzana. Casually opening on the Preface to the Roman Edition, my eye was arrested by these words, "In this popular Version, though many expressions have been carefully altered, many others, which might have seemed to require alteration, have been purposely retained." This Preface is attributed to Pope Clement VIII., the same who declared the authenticity of the Vulgate. Thus the very Pope who tells me that he declares this Bible authentic, tells me also that it is full of voluntary errors. This discovery, which is no Protestant accusation, but a Papal confession, proved to me how untruly the Romanists reproach the Protestants with having falsified the Bible, and how truly the Protestants reproach the Romanists with doing so. As I met with interesting matter in the Prefaces, I continued to read them, and found some remarkable facts in St. Jerome's Preface. For example, in the Preface to the Book of Tobit he denies its canonicity; he subtracts Judith from the Canon in his Preface to that book; and in the Preface to the Prophecy of Jeremiah, he says he has not translated the Book of Baruch because it is apocryphal. In the Preface to the Book of Daniel he mentions that the story of Susanna, the story of the Three Children, and the *fable* of Bel and the Dragon are also apocryphal. In the Preface to the Books of Solomon he says that the Books of Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus are apocryphal; and adds that, although the Church reads the Books of Judith, Tobit, and the Maccabees, she does not receive them as canonical Scriptures, &c.

The perusal of these Prefaces apprized me that St. Jerome, called by the Roman Catholic Church the greatest of the fathers, agreed with the Protestants about the Apocryphal Books.

Among the Prefatory matter, I found the decree of

the Fourth Session of the Council of Trent, which classes with the Canonical books all those which St. Jerome had declared apocryphal, and concludes with a solemn anathema against whosoever does not accept them as such. Thus, the same Church which pronounces Jerome holy and learned, also excommunicates him.

Passing on, I found a collection of eighteen passages in the Bible, which recommended the people to read it. This satisfied me how much the Romish Church is at variance with herself, and with the Word of God, when she forbids such reading. Having finished the Prefaces, I set myself to consider how the Romish Church could come to contradict herself so grossly, and how it was possible that the learned men, whom she certainly retains within her pale, did not perceive this contradiction. I was at a loss to extricate myself from my embarrassment, when I chanced to open my Bible at the 2d of Thessalonians, and my eye caught the 10th verse of the second chapter—"Because they received not the love of the truth that they might be saved, for this cause God shall send them strong delusion that they may believe a lie." Then my eyes were opened. Signor Pasquali could not have done in a year what the Word of God did for me in one moment. Convinced that the Church of Rome was under strong delusion, and that God would guide me to the knowledge of his truth, I threw myself on my knees in prayer, and repeated the petition of Saul of Tarsus, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" When I rose from prayer I resumed my Bible, and began to read the Epistle to the Romans. The 16th verse of the first chapter made a powerful impression on my soul. "*The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.*" Faith, then, I said to myself, is the sole

condition of my salvation. If I only believe, the whole power of God, through the Gospel, will work in me. I continued the Epistle, and truly found that faith is the only means of salvation, that by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified before God, that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law, that Abraham believed God, and it was imputed unto him for righteousness; and many other declarations with which you are well acquainted, and which absolutely establish justification by faith alone.

It then came into my mind to write out the most important passages, to commit to memory, when my Bible should be taken from me, and I did so on the under side of my table. The next day I begun to read through the whole New Testament. But, to avoid tediousness, I will not stay to narrate all the impressions I received in a course of reading which God was pleased to bless, but only mention that the doctrine of regeneration, described in the 3d chapter of St. John's Gospel, affected me in such a manner as to open my eyes to see Christianity as it is, not as a material worship, but a worship in spirit and in truth. I then perceived what was meant by belonging to the Church of Jesus Christ, and from that moment I may affirm that the grace of God enabled me to recognise the change which was being wrought in me. While I had formerly been convinced of the errors of the Church of Rome, while the arguments of Signor Pasquali had opened my mind, and the discoveries I made in my Bible illuminated my intellect, while I had virtually renounced the Church of Rome, my heart had still remained in sin and error. But now, I no more felt the weight of privation, my prison was my joy, because I knew I was suffering for the name of Jesus who had saved me.

Thus passed ten days, in which I read almost the whole Bible, and reflected much upon it, and in which the work of my conversion was completed. The tenth day brought Father Theiner back. He asked me if I was convinced of my errors, or had still any difficulties. I replied that I had no longer any difficulties, that God had accomplished the work of my conversion. "You are then disposed to abjure your errors?" I replied that such was my desire, but that I wished to abjure them publicly. I thought I might thus obtain permission to make a public retraction, and I would then have retracted the errors of the Church of Rome; but Father Theiner desired that I should subscribe a retraction which he had written, without even looking at it. I firmly refused, and said that the retraction I intended to make, was a retraction of Romish errors. He then wished to enter into discussion with me, but I opened my Bible and placed before him those words in the 6th chapter to the Hebrews, "It is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame." I read these awful words, and then fixing my eyes on him asked, "Do you know of whom the apostle speaks in this passage?" He blushed deeply, and his confusion was manifest in his countenance, but I solemnly continued, "He speaks of those who have voluntarily apostatized from the Gospel; he speaks of me, if I should be guilty of such wickedness; he speaks of you, Father Theiner, if you have incurred this guilt!" Father Theiner's eyes sparkled with rage; he instantly rose and left me, muttering I know not what words of menace. In a

few minutes the jailer came to take away my Bible, paper, and pens, but he could not take from me the peace of heart which I had found in my Saviour.

From that time I was subjected to no more examinations ; I never saw a human face, except the ferocious jailer's, and never heard a word from him except Retractation or Death ! However, I passed my prison days happily. The reverse side of my table was covered with passages of the Bible, which formed materials for the sweetest meditations. Prayer occupied another portion of my time. But the most memorable fact I have to record was, that in my prison I experienced a marvellous verification of that Word of God which says, that those who are born again have no need that any man should teach them, because the anointing of the Holy Spirit teacheth them all things. (1 John ii. 2, 27.) I experienced the Divine work in my own soul. When I recalled to mind the doctrines of the Romish Church that I might examine them, some passage of Scripture immediately presented itself to my mind to confute them. For example, if I pondered the doctrine of the Council of Trent, which says that the Bible does not contain all that is necessary to salvation ; the verse of St. Paul instantly occurred to me, 2 Tim. iii. 15, "The holy Scriptures are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus." If the doctrine of the obscurity of the Bible came into my mind, it was answered by another passage of St. Paul, 2 Cor. iv., "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost, in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not." Sometimes a scruple might arise to trouble me, about having abandoned a Church of incontestable antiquity, and then I seemed to hear a voice from heaven resounding in my ears, "Come out of her, my

people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and receive not of her plagues." And so for every difficulty which presented itself before me, a passage from the Word of God came to dispel it; and thus twenty months of meditation and prayer in prison, have, I believe, taught me more than I might have learned in twenty years at a school of theology.

This, my dear Eugene, is a brief history of my conversion. But I have not stood alone in receiving so great a benefit from God. Mr. Manson has also been converted, and Mr. Sweetman has become full of zeal and fervour. Signor Pasquali was the instrument of the change. Only a few moments since I embraced these three dear brothers, who have just returned from Eastern travel. In my next letter, I will tell you of the imprisonment and liberation of the excellent Pasquali, who has also been called to suffer, but God was always with him. Believe me, yours most affectionately,

HENRI.

LETTER XIX.

THE INQUISITION AT ROME IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY; ITS PERSECUTIONS.

Rome, June, 1849.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—I am once more with my dear friends, enjoying unmingled happiness. It would perhaps interest you to hear the account of Signor Pasquali's adventures after my imprisonment; I should like you to do so from his own lips, but that being impossible, I will attempt to tell you, as briefly as I can,

all that occurred to him. No sooner were my friends apprized of my arrest, than they hastened to the convent where I lodged, and sought out my room at the very time when the Father Inquisitor, accompanied by the notary, was engaged in examining my books and papers. Signor Pasquali was desirous of going in, and asking the Inquisitor what had become of me, but this was not allowed. On the contrary, my three friends were summarily dismissed by the Superior of the Convent, who told them they were the cause of my imprisonment and my ruin. They next proceeded to the Swiss Consul, to beg him to demand that I should be set at liberty. The Swiss Consul is an excellent gentleman, he manifested much concern at my misfortune, and said he would certainly have interposed his good offices, but that he foresaw they would prove useless. Switzerland, he observed, was an insignificant power, which the Court of Rome did not fear.

My friends now made use of the most strenuous endeavours to penetrate the Inquisition and see me, but all in vain.

One day, in the dusk of the evening, Signor Pasquali was walking alone in a remote street, when a man of gentlemanly appearance presented himself to his notice, saluted him politely, and mentioning that he was a great friend of the Swiss Consul's, at whose house he had seen him, added that the Consul had confided to him the fact of my imprisonment, that he could obtain Pasquali an interview with me, and that the present was the most opportune occasion to secure it. Signor Pasquali, incapable of deceit himself, gave easy credence to his unknown companion, and committed himself to his guidance. They both entered the Palace of the Inquisition, the unknown disappeared in the apartments of the Father Commissioner, and Signor Pas-

quali awaited him in an antechamber. In a few minutes a jailer came forward, told Signor Pasquali to follow him, held open a prison door, invited him to enter, and as soon as he had done so shut it upon him. Pasquali immediately perceived the snare in which he had been entangled, but it was too late to release himself.

The same proceedings were speedily taken with him as with me on the first evening of my arrival. Meanwhile, Mr. Sweetman and Mr. Manson were in a state of great agitation on their friend's account. They went to the police, who knew nothing of him, and then to the English Consul; and as Signor Pasquali was furnished with an English passport, the Consul, who was well acquainted with the Court of Rome, immediately despatched a note to the Secretary of State, requesting him to give an account of the individual in question. The Secretary of State replied that he would exert himself to do so. Meanwhile days and weeks passed on, and nothing more was heard of Signor Pasquali.

After a long interval a man presented himself to Mr. Manson, saying that he had obtained tidings of Signor Pasquali, which he would faithfully disclose, and point out a certain method of saving him, provided he was well recompensed, and received a promise of absolute and perpetual silence. The gratuity demanded was a hundred scudi, and Mr. Manson was required to take an oath never to make known the person of his informant. Mr. Manson promised to give the hundred scudi if he found it all true. This contented the other, who revealed his friend's place of imprisonment.

Meanwhile Signor Pasquali had undergone his first examination; and as he was a dogmatizing heretic, it was conducted with the greater solemnity. The

Father Commissioner, Monsignor the Assessor, the Attorney-General, two Counsellors, and a Notary, were all seated round a large table in the Judgment Hall. Signor Pasquali was brought forward, and ordered to be sworn. "The Lord has instructed us," said Pasquali, "not to swear at all. I am not accustomed to tell falsehoods, but to let my communication be Yea, yea, Nay, nay. God will assist me to speak the truth; but in matters of so little moment I do not swear." The Father Commissioner then inquired to what religious sect he belonged? Signor Pasquali replied like St. Paul, "After the way that ye call heresy I serve the God of my fathers. I believe all that is written in the Word of God: in short, I am a Christian." The Father Commissioner continued, "However, you belong to a separate sect of the Church of Jesus Christ?" "That is false," rejoined Signor Pasquali. "I belong to the Church of Jesus Christ, and to no sect. The Church of which, by God's mercy, I am a member, has existed from apostolic times, and has always preserved apostolic doctrine."

Then one of the Counsellors took up the subject, and began to enter into discussion with the prisoner. Pasquali's eyes glistened at the opportunity thus afforded him of proclaiming the Gospel in the congregation of the Scribes and Pharisees. "The only Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church," said the Counsellor, "is the pillar and ground of the truth." "Reverend Father," interrupted Pasquali, "in your quotation St. Paul was speaking of the Church of Jesus Christ, not of the Church of Rome. I will show you where he spoke of the Church of Rome. 'After my departure,' said he to the Christians of Ephesus (Acts xx.), 'I know that *grievous wolves* shall enter in among you, not sparing the flock,

speaking perverse things to draw away disciples after them.' Here the apostle speaks of you; but does so still more fully in the fourth chapter of the first Epistle to Timothy: 'Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils, speaking lies in hypocrisy, having their conscience seared with a hot iron.' And once more, hear what is written in the second chapter of the second Epistle to the Thessalonians." But at this point the Father Commissioner rose from his seat, and all the rest with him, exclaiming, "He is an obstinate heretic; have him below!" Pasquali was immediately conducted to a narrow subterranean prison, where the light of day never penetrated, and perhaps we were both destined to be thrown together into one of those furnaces of which I have told you.

Meanwhile, Mr. Manson, at the suggestion of the Unknown, went, in company with Mr. Sweetman, to the English Consul's, and informed him of Pasquali's imprisonment. The course he had been advised to adopt was as follows:—That the English Consul should obtain an audience of the Pope; speak with great resolution as though under orders from his Government, and authoritatively demand the immediate liberation of Signor Pasquali; adding, that in case of refusal, he must write that very day to Lord Palmerston. "Be assured," the Unknown had continued, "that at this juncture Lord Palmerston's name will make the Pope tremble, but it is most essential the interview should be private, and so managed that no one else knows of it."

The Consul immediately put on his uniform and went to the Pope's palace; he entered the antechamber with an air of great solicitude, as if he were charged

with most important communications, approached the Chamberlain, and demanded a formal audience as though on the most pressing business. He obtained it, and comported himself in such a manner as to alarm the Pope, who promised to liberate Signor Pasquali. But the Consul was not satisfied; he said that the mail would leave in one hour, and that he must send the positive result by that day's post, and consequently begged his Holiness to write him the order for Signor Pasquali's liberation. "Since," he added, "your Holiness has consented to set him at liberty in the course of the day, an hour more or less must be immaterial." The Pope then wrote the order of liberation and consigned it to the Consul, who set off with all speed to the Holy Office, presented the order, and demanded that Pasquali should be immediately given up to him.

It was one o'clock in the afternoon when the two friends welcomed the Consul's return to the Consulate, accompanied by Signor Pasquali, who was so wasted by his month's imprisonment, that they would scarcely have recognised him. The Consul begged them to take something to eat, while their passports were made out for Malta, where he would forward their baggage. "You must set forth at once," said he, "or the Pope may recover from his surprise and revoke his favour." They departed, recommending me to the Consul, but he was able to do nothing for me.

My friends then visited the East, and taking advantage of the proclamation of a Republic, have returned to Rome on their way to England.

The conversations of Signor Pasquali, and what he had himself witnessed, had effected a great change in Mr. Manson's opinions concerning the Romish Church; but the treacherous arrest of Pasquali,

continued study of the Bible, and continued discussions on religious subjects, completed his conversion. He is still attached to the Church of England, but has entirely renounced the new Oxford doctrines. However, what principally contributed to make him regard the Romish Church as corrupt and degenerate from its first principles, was an incident which he witnessed in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem,—an incident of no uncommon occurrence, indeed, but one which a Puseyite would never have believed if he had not seen it with his own eyes. It happened as follows: They were one day all three in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, a friar was mounted on a ladder, holding a lamp, when a Greek priest came near and overturned the ladder, thus dashing the friar to the ground, and then fled and hid himself. My friends, full of indignation at what they had witnessed, hastened to assist the groaning friar, by whose cries others of his brethren were attracted to the spot. The wounded man, cursing and swearing in Italian all the time, related to his companions what had occurred, and incited them to vengeance. The friars immediately vanished without doing anything for their injured brother, but in the course of a minute they all reappeared, some armed with guns, others with pistols, others with knives, and others with staves. They rushed furiously towards the spot where the Greek priest had taken refuge, attacked a little door which had been transferred from the temple to the house where the Greek priests dwell, and a horrible massacre would have ensued in the sacred precincts themselves among the Greeks and the friars, had not an armed band of Janizaries interfered, who, by means of cuffs and blows, drove the friars back to their convent.

This occurrence altogether confounded Mr. Manson, and when he became aware that such affairs took place so frequently as to scandalize the Turks themselves, and that the Ottoman Government was constrained to keep Janizaries in the church to repress the frequent disorders occasioned by the Greek priests and Franciscan friars; and, moreover, that these very friars had the reputation of *zealous missionaries* of the Romish Propaganda, he totally changed his mind as to the Church of Rome, and no longer regarded her as a *sister* Church, but as one which had deeply transgressed.

Mr. Sweetman has become the most charming character you can imagine. Signor Pasquali's arguments have entirely convinced him. Signor Pasquali is perfectly happy, surrounded by Christian brethren in whom he has much consolation, who love him as a spiritual father, and respect him as a parent.

I have quitted the Roman gentleman who received me after my deliverance, and reside with them, but I believe we shall only linger a few more days, though we have not quite decided where I am to go. I should like to return to my native land, but Signor Pasquali wishes me to remain with him that I may be further instructed and established in the Gospel. I do not know what will be determined, but in the interim we have made an interesting discovery, which I will explain to you in another letter.

Adieu, dear Eugene. God grant that you may speedily extend a brother's welcome to yours, for ever,

HENRI.

LETTER XX.

RECORDS OF TRIALS BEFORE THE INQUISITION AT
ROME IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Rome, June, 1849.

MY DEAR EUGENE,—We have determined on our departure, which will take place to-morrow. I am going to England with my three friends, but we shall all pass through Geneva and remain there some days. How much, dear Eugene, shall I have to tell you! I shall be able to give you in detail the whole history, of which my letters have contained but a few fragments. You will become acquainted with my friends, and introduce them to the Christians of Geneva. But, meantime, I will not forget my word. I said, that my next letter should relate to the interesting discovery we have made, and am about to keep my promise.

Mr. Manson was seized with a desire to know who had denounced me to the Inquisition. I said, I took it for granted that the Jesuit Fathers were my accusers, and Signor Pasquali was of the same opinion; but Mr. Manson, probably actuated by a lingering affection towards the Jesuits, the last remnant of his Tractarian sentiments, did not appear to be convinced of this. Signor Pasquali took the investigation on himself, and made inquiry of the English Consul if it were practicable for us to see the records of our trials in the dismantled Inquisition. The Consul accompanied him to the ex-Minister Sterbini, the author of the decree for the destruction of the Holy Office, and he with great politeness undertook to conduct us himself to the

Chancery of the defunct tribunal. On the appointed day we all four proceeded, in company with Sterbini, to visit that palace of horrors. The subterranean prisons had been destroyed, and there were masons at work, converting the den of priestly vengeance into an abode of Christian charity, and fitting it up to serve as almshouses for the most destitute families of Rome. The depository of the archives, however, remained intact, the Governor, as Sterbini told us, awaiting a better opportunity for devoting himself to their examination. Meanwhile, he observed, I can tell you what few facts I have been able to discover, in the short space of time I have devoted to such researches. So saying, he went up to one of the shelves, and took down a volume of the year 1828, opened it, and showed us an original letter of Cardinal Bernetti, then Secretary of State, in which he informed the Father Commissioner, in the Pope's name, that the existence of certain political plots had come to his knowledge, but that not having been able to learn anything of them through the police, he begged the Reverend Father to have the goodness to undertake to trace out the conspirators. This letter was succeeded by the decision of the tribunal to engage in the investigation; a decision which suggested that to attain the object in view, no means would prove more efficacious than the confessional; the Holy Office therefore prayed the Holy Father to make a decree that confessors should have no power to absolve any one who had taken part in the aforesaid conspiracies, whoever he might be, or any one who should know of their existence, unless he denounced to the Holy Office all engaged in them, or that could be suspected of being engaged in them. And as it was obvious that few would be willing to denounce their relations or friends to the Holy

Office, confessors were to be authorized to receive accusations, without any formality. After this decree followed the Pontifical Brief, which was not published, a simple notice being given to confessors of the existence of such a brief; and then came the denunciations of the confessors, which filled two thick volumes. They were most frequently founded on avowals coming from the lips of the dying in the article of death, when the mind being enfeebled, the crafty priest could bring all his savage eloquence to bear, and persuade the dying man that his only way of salvation was to permit these accusations to be given in after his decease; and in this manner were obtained almost all that were procured throughout the Pope's dominions.

Among these denunciations there was one extremely curious. In 1845 the Inquisitor of Pesaro sent to Rome the copy of certain laws, which he believed to be the laws of a new Liberal Association, whose object, he said, *was to enrol members all over the world*, and to entice them with badges of honour. To these laws was appended a list of more than a hundred names from families of distinction, and the Father Inquisitor expected a Cardinal's hat, at least, in reward for such a discovery. However, unfortunately for him, these regulations were drawn up in French, a language he did not understand, and, on being examined in Rome, were found to be the rules of a Benevolent Society, instituted in France, for the assistance of refugees from all countries! Thence we passed on to another shelf, occupied with revelations concerning the seductions effected through the confessional. We would have proceeded, but Signor Pasquali wished that Mr. Manson should examine those records, to confirm his conviction that auricular

confession is no better than a mystery of iniquity. He then began to turn over quantities of volumes filled with the most heinous crimes imaginable.' Here a confessor seduces a whole convent of nuns, by means of confession, and many of them become mothers. There a confessor in the Establishment of Divine Providence seduces in the confessional, under pretence of piety, sixteen little girls; in fact, there were hundreds of such cases. Among others, I remember one of a confessor who was accused of seduction seventeen times, and never once punished, on account of his zeal in the detection of sectarians and heretics.

Mr. Manson blushed crimson. Mr. Sweetman shuddered with indignation; and Signor Pasquali remarked, with his usual *sangfroid*, "When you return to Oxford, tell your tutor of all this, and then let him continue to laud auricular confession."

We now begged Sterbini to point out where we might find our own trials. After consulting an index, he took a large volume from the shelf, and gave it us, saying, "Here are your trials." We opened it, and found my denunciation by Father P., my Jesuit master, in which I was accused of having held conversation with an English heretic. After this followed another by Mr. Manson's old *valet de place*, on whose dismissal the Inquisition recorded a decree that I should be placed under surveillance, and appointed two persons to watch me, whose duty it was to report daily all that I had said or done. Father M., my confessor, completed the case, by making known what I had thought. I then perused the notices of my imprisonment, my examinations, my conversations with the Abbate Palotta and with Father Theiner, till I came to the final decree, *supersederi donec resipiscat*, that is

to say, for the suspension of the proceedings until I were converted.

Signor Pasquali's trial was a consequence of mine. I was accused as having been seduced, Signor Pasquali as the seducer; our accusers were identical. Signor Pasquali, however, was a Protestant born, travelling with Englishmen, and furnished with an English passport. He was to be arrested and punished, but with secrecy; the times, said the document, being difficult, and England not to be offended. The Pope was to appear liberal, in order that England might not aid the Liberals. On these accounts a Roman gentleman, well known for his devotion to the Holy Office, was commissioned to procure his arrest, and effected it as I informed you in my last. Pasquali's trial bore the title of the trial of a *Public Dogmatizer*.

The Register contained the account of his imprisonment. Then followed the Decree for his solemn examination, as was the custom with regard to Public Dogmatizers, and the Report of his examination. You will recollect how suddenly it was broken off. Hardly had he quitted the Judgment Hall, when the Father Commissioner passed the word to the Procurator Fiscal, who concluded that Signor Pasquali, being a Public Dogmatizer, ought to be buried alive, but that it should be left to the decision of the Holy Tribunal what species of death to decree. Monsignor Assesore was of a different mind. He said it was just possible that Signor Pasquali might one day be inquired for, and that it would, therefore, be best to leave him a while in the dungeons of the Inquisition. "If," he said, "England should reclaim him after we had put him to death, we should incur the Pope's severe displeasure." The Father Commissioner coincided in this view, only adding that the whole matter should

be referred to the Pope. The proceedings terminated with the Rescript of his liberation. We thanked Signor Sterbini for his courtesy, and quitted the place to re-enter it no more.

On our way home from the Inquisition, we met with an adventure which may seem trifling in itself, but which shows the indefinable temperament of the Roman people. We encountered a bareheaded multitude, carrying lighted candles in broad daylight, moving past with slow and measured tread; while the populace in the street stopped short, uncovered, and fell on their knees before a mysterious carriage. We were at the other end of the piazza, but could see that the carriage was gilded all over, the coachman seated on a hammer-cloth of richly embroidered crimson velvet, wearing red livery, and a peruque with three tails instead of a hat, and that two handsome horses, with crimson velvet trappings and gilded harness, drew the mysterious carriage. Four large gilded vases adorned the four corners of the roof; and, instead of servants behind, three angels in gilded wood supported the Papal tiara. "What does all this mean?" we asked of a man near us, who was watching the spectacle with an indifferent air. He answered that the carriage formerly belonged to the Pope, and had cost 25,000 scudi, but that the Triumvirate had presented it to the holy Bambino. We thanked him, and Signor Pasquali inquired of me what the holy Bambino was? I said that it was a clumsy image of the child Jesus, in the custody of the Franciscan friars, who say it is made of olive wood, of the wood of that very olive-tree against which the Redeemer leant in the agony of the garden; that it was carved by angels, and came to Rome by itself in the following manner:—One Christmas eve, I do not remember the year, while the

brethren were at prayers, they heard a knocking at the door of the Church, and as no one went to open it, the bells began to ring of themselves, the doors opened of themselves, and the Bambino came and placed itself on the altar. This Bambino is dressed in the richest clothes, and adorned with priceless jewels. Now, while the Roman people have allowed their temples to be dismantled, have permitted the consecrated wafer, in which they believed Jesus Christ to be personally present, to be thrown away for the sake of a vase of trifling value, they would not suffer the Bambino's little finger to be touched, and have made over to its use the Papal carriage. The Bambino is conveyed in this style to the sick, and received with greater reverence than the transubstantiated host.

There are many similar superstitions in Rome, and it would require a volume rather than a letter to describe them; but if God spares my life, it is a work I should wish to undertake, to enlighten those who, living at a distance, have no idea what Rome really is. When you tell some Protestants that Rome is the Babylon of the Apocalypse, they are horrified, and accuse you of fanaticism. But let them seriously study the Word of God, and come to Rome, like Signor Pasquali, with their minds and hearts stored with it, and they cannot fail to see the truth as it is.

Adieu, dear Eugene; in a few days we shall once more be reunited, once more embrace, and shall love one another, more than ever, as brothers in Christ Jesus.

Yours affectionately,

HENRI.



